

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE habeas corpus has been restored by Presidential proclamation in all the Northern States. The power which the suspension of the writ placed in the hands of the President has, considering the state of the country, been exercised with wonderfully little abuse. But it is impossible to deny that the precedent set may some time prove a dangerous one. For the first time in the history of constitutional governments the Executive has not only been armed with the power of making arbitrary arrests, but of deciding for what length of time it may exercise it. The constitutionality of the practice has, we believe, been placed beyond question, but its expediency is another matter.

WE had hoped that the recent meeting in Brooklyn, under the joint auspices of the American Freedmen's Aid Commission, the American Union Commission, and the American Missionary Association, was the sign of a popular movement toward concentrating the efforts of the benevolent in behalf of the freed people. This most desirable consummation seems in danger of being delayed, if not rendered fruitless, by new organizations not tributary to the union, and resting on a purely sectarian basis. Such is that which owes its origin to the late Episcopal Convention at Philadelphia. It is obvious that if the Episcopalians are not content with the numerous societies already in existence, the Baptists, Methodists, and other denominations will feel constrained to make an exhibition of their interest in so eminently Christian a cause, and likewise to create boards, appoint superintendents, and send out teachers to the South. Such a contagion, however respectable the motive in each case, would be still deplorable. The union, formed with so much difficulty, and only by the most generous concessions and accommodation, would be shorn of its support and perhaps find its power and utility crippled beyond repair. We sincerely trust the example we have cited will not be followed, and that it may even be abandoned in view of the probable mischief which will ensue.

THE manner in which the insurrection in Jamaica has been suppressed will, if not promptly disowned by the English Government, and, in fact, whether or no, reflect indelible disgrace on the English name. If anybody wants to know how thoroughly pagan an "officer and gentleman" can still be in our day, he has only to read the report of Colonel Hole, of the Sixth Royals, telling of his having hunted down rebels with a boy tied by the neck to his stirrup, and constantly threatened with a revolver, acting as guide, and pointing out the persons to be hanged. The colonel and his coadjutors seem, in fact, to have hanged

nearly everybody they caught, and upon the vaguest suspicion. One man was hanged because, after receiving forty-seven lashes, "he ground his teeth, and cast a ferocious look of defiance on the provost-marshal," which the London *Spectator* truly characterizes as "a worse crime in the sight of God than that of the rebels themselves." Certainly the ferocity of a civilized and educated Englishman or American must, on any theory of accountability, be a sin of infinitely deeper dye than any which a poor benighted and degraded black is capable of committing. There could not, in our opinion, be a more striking proof of the really small impression as yet made upon the world by Christian principles than the remorseless cruelty into which men of English breed invariably plunge whenever they are brought into collision with what is called an "inferior race." The history of the suppression of the Indian mutiny, and of this Jamaica insurrection, will always remain a most shocking revelation of the amount of downright heathenism which still pervades the character of the race which of all others is loudest in its professions of Christianity, and foremost in its offers of instruction in Christian duty to the rest of mankind. The London *Times*, with characteristic brutality and absurdity, defends the atrocities of the troops on the ground that the pursuit of the rebels was difficult, as if an officer only needs to have a small force, and to have lost a good deal of sleep, to be exempt from the ordinary laws of humanity; or, in other words, as if the weaker one is, the more like a tiger he may behave. And what twaddle there is written both here and in England about the incurable ferocity of the negroes, apropos of this outbreak, as if St. Bartholomew, or the Sepoy massacres, or the massacres of the French Revolution, had never been heard of, or were not the work of Caucasians. It is bad enough that the negro should convert civilized men into Malays, but it is too bad that he should bemuddle their brains every time they begin to argue about him.

GOVERNOR HUMPHREYS, of Mississippi, was, when elected, General Humphreys of the defunct Confederate army, an unrepentant recusant and rebel. President Johnson pardoned him for the purpose of qualifying him for office. He is now in office, and, by way of proving what a "worthy object" he is, has just sent a message to the Mississippi Legislature, in which he declares that negro emancipation has been "accomplished under pressure of Federal bayonets, urged on by the misdirected sympathies of the world." Of the Freedmen's Bureau, he says that "four years of cruel war, conducted upon principles of vandalism disgraceful to the civilization of the age, was scarcely more blighting and destructive to the homes of the white man, and impoverishing and degrading to the negro, than has resulted in the last six or eight months from the administration of this black incubus." Further on he speaks of it as "a hideous curse, permitted by heaven to rule and ruin our unhappy people," and recommends the passage of a law admitting negroes to testify, as the best means of securing the withdrawal of the Federal troops. He must be a very captious person, indeed, who questions the devotion of such a man as this to the new order of things, or fears to hand the State over to him.

THE Boston Board of Trade voted, last week, that it is of vital importance for the Government to sustain and organize, within the sphere of its legitimate powers, that portion of the laboring classes South which cannot be reached by private capital. Mr. Tobey, who moved the resolutions, considered the Freedmen's Bureau a lawful instrumentality for this end, needing only to have its authority enlarged by Congress. Mr. Atkinson objected to this plan that it left out of sight the paramount necessity of protecting free labor at the South. At present

there is no security for the isolated Northern men who undertake to plant in Georgia, Texas, and the other States. On another page will be found some of the testimony on which this statement was based. The fact, to our mind, is incontestable; and so, unhappily, is the soundness of the principle on which Mr. Tobey proceeded, to wit: that the time when specie payments can be resumed depends, in no small measure, on the quantity of cotton to be produced hereafter.

THE Hon. Martin F. Conway, in a letter to the *Times* of this city, presents quite forcibly the claims of the Virginia delegation to immediate admission to their seats in Congress. It cannot be doubted that West Virginia exists constitutionally as a separate State only by the confession that Virginia proper has suffered no lapse like the other rebellious States, but has maintained a loyal, even if an inefficient and merely nominal, government. Common sense repudiates the idea that Eastern Virginia was not as thoroughly devoted to secession as South Carolina; and Gov. Peirpoint's administration within the Federal lines, though serving the purpose of organizing a new free State, was certainly nothing else than a ridiculous fiction. The Virginia that consented to a division which was not less a physical than a social necessity, was a very different Virginia from that which chose the representatives now sought to be foisted upon Congress.

SECRETARY SEWARD has advised the North Carolinians to follow the example of the South Carolinians, and to ratify the Constitutional Amendment. Why there should be any hesitation about it in any Southern State it is hard to say, as with a good vagrant law they can have most of what they consider the advantages of slavery with but few of its drawbacks.

GENERAL GRANT is in Richmond, and has been, it is said, talking Mexico there again. We submit, with great respect, that he has, perhaps, said enough about it. His opinions on it being now well known to the country, would it not be well to leave the agitation of the question to others? It is scarcely fair, considering the extreme difficulty of the whole subject, to increase the pressure on the Government.

In another column will be found two letters from the correspondent from whom we have so often quoted already, bearing testimony to the unbroken fierceness of temper of the white people of the South, their undiminished hatred to the Union and to the blacks. More startling reading it would be difficult just now to meet with, taken in connection with such extraordinary utterances as are to be found in the message of Governor Humphreys, of Mississippi, on which we have already commented. We commend it to the attention of Congress, and to that of all other men who feel as they ought to feel the tremendous importance of the question of Southern reconstruction. We doubt if a question of such awful moment was ever submitted to a deliberative assembly. But every utterance that comes from Mr. Johnson just now proves that he is at last alive to the real nature of the situation, and is determined to do whatever the occasion calls for.

It appears that it was owing to a telegraphic blunder that Schuyler Colfax was made to connect "Across the Continent" with "The Duties of the Next Congress" as a subject for a lecture. He confined himself to the former, but would it not have been as well to say a "Journey across the Continent?" Is not this sort of ellipsis a sensational trick which authors of books of travel have wore out?

ABOUT a year and a half ago a colored man was expelled from a street-car in Cincinnati, and his action against the company has just been concluded. The counsel for the defence relied upon a printed regulation by which the plaintiff ought to have been riding on the front platform, instead of inside with his wife, and also upon a pretense that the prejudices of the community deserve to be respected. The judge charged otherwise, and the jury returned damages at eight hundred dollars. The plaintiff, like his wife, is a person of light complexion and the most respectable bearing. He was born a slave, but

was emancipated by his father, acquired an excellent reputation in Cincinnati, and at the time he was assaulted had just returned from California with a fortune obtained in business there. No better person could have been selected to expose the stupid and vulgar spirit of caste and to obtain a verdict which condemns it definitively.

SIR MORTON PETO addressed a portion of his constituents at a dinner at Bristol, on the 13th ult. He had something to say of home politics, but more of his recent experience in this country. The very flattering picture which he drew of our condition at the close of the late tremendous struggle elicits comments from the London papers. They are inclined to respect his testimony, even though they surmise that the show of wealth and prosperity which astonished him may be lacking in reality. Sir Morton assured his hearers that in all his travels in the States he saw nothing to remind him that there had been a civil war; that the army had been absorbed into the civil ranks with marvellous facility and composure; that the national debt would be honorably discharged; and that no young man about to enter business ought to consider his education complete till he had visited America.

THE commissioners appointed in England to investigate the Rinderpest, and report means to check its ravages, were naturally not unanimous in their conclusions. What the majority recommend seems to the London press at least, even worse than the murrain itself. They would suspend altogether, for a limited time, the cattle traffic in Great Britain. This would prevent any movement of cattle except for immediate slaughter to a market or slaughter-house, from healthy districts, and under license. For the rest, there is so much killing that the butchers themselves might stand aghast. Meanwhile the price of meat rises steadily, and the public maw begins to turn to the sea and the rivers for other food. Pisciculture is gaining new devotees, and regard for the statutes for the preservation of trout and salmon is earnestly invoked.

AT Christ Church, Oxford, and Cambridge, the charge for "commons" by the butlers of those institutions is undergoing an exposure, and it is found that these gentlemen know on which side their bread is buttered if the undergraduates do not. They amass a handsome fortune by their exorbitant rates, from which they have ingeniously prevented escape by making the record of the Buttery the only one by which a student's residence is proved! Eightpence a day, at Downing College, is the charge for "a modicum of indifferent bread and butter." If more bread is required, it must be paid for at the rate of eightpence for a loaf which may be got at the shops for threepence.

TOM SAYERS was buried at Highgate Cemetery on the 15th of last month, and his body was followed to the tomb by a procession of some 30,000 persons, chiefly, of course, of the very lowest character. At the entrance these disreputable mourners became an unmanageable mob, sweeping away the police, and rioting among the graves in the very spirit of Bedlam. Trees, monuments, and railings were damaged extensively, and the quiet with which the coffin was lowered to its place was the only redeeming feature of an otherwise brutal and disgusting exhibition.

AT the exposition of the fine arts applied to industry, in Paris, is a painting by Queen Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III. It represents a horseman on guard; the scene is of moonlight, and the horseman's attitude is the pensive attitude of one who "recalls home and friends from distance and the past." There is said to be no doubt of the authenticity of the piece.

M. GUIZOT is said to be at present occupied with the second volume of his "*Méditations Religieuses*."

THE Parisian authorities have at length decided that the friends of horseflesh may open a butcher's shop for the selling of this sort of meat, on condition that the butcher shall provide himself with shambles devoted solely to the slaughter of horses. An eminent and expe-

rienced butcher, M. Gautier (doubtless an enthusiast in his profession), will preside over the destinies of the experiment. Apropos of which is the letter of Dr. Blatin, published in the *Débats*, denying that horseflesh is heir to the ills of *épidémie* now afflicting brute-life in France, and declaring that on the contrary it is so wholesome as to be almost a specific against cholera, the soldiers in the Crimea who ate it habitually having suffered comparatively little from the epidemic.

Le Droit gives the story of one of those deeds which seem purely and properly French crimes. Two worthy laborers had a son of eleven years and a little daughter of eighteen months. They were obliged, in going out to work, to leave the latter in the care of the former. One day the poor mother returning found her babe strangled in its bed, and her son hanging dead behind the door. There was no evidence that the violence had been committed by any one outside of the house, and the only light that could be thrown upon the horrible affair was the mother's recollection that her son, when urged to go to school, sometimes threatened to hang himself. It is supposed that he killed his sister and then committed suicide.

THE *Journal de Roanne* tells a pathetic story of the effects of imagination in the case of a poor woman of Roanne, who had promised her dying husband that she would not marry again. After four years of widowhood, she was wooed by one to whom her heart inclined. At the same time she was torn with secret remorse. On All-Souls' day (Nov. 2), she went to pray at the tomb of her husband, and there implored his pardon for having thought of another marriage. In her frantic state she imagined that, in response to her prayer, the word "Never!" came from the grave, and she fell into a swoon. When succor arrived she was able to relate the occurrence, but lapsed from one convulsion into another until she expired.

THE German Confederation maintains a garrison at Aix-la-Chapelle, of which the greater part is composed of Austrians and Prussians. While off duty the soldiers are permitted to go about the town with their bayonets at their belts, a custom which the people of Aix now ask to have abolished, as something involving hazard to their peace and safety. Lately there have been disturbances between the citizens and drunken soldiers, in which the latter used their bayonets; and there is common complaint of the ferocity and lawlessness of the Confederate garrison. The soldiers quarrel with men and insult women upon the streets, and on one occasion two of them broke into the Convent of the *Sœurs-Grises*, from which they were expelled with difficulty, while assailing the *religieuses* with the grossest language.

A VIENNESE paper announces that at an early day the use of passports will be abolished throughout Austria. There has been, since 1857, no *visa* of passports necessary within the empire, and now it is to be dispensed with even at the frontiers. With the new year Saxony abolishes passports, according to a treaty last February with Bavaria, Hanover, and Würtemberg.

THE Federal Council of Switzerland is in trouble with the new commercial treaty between France and the Confederation, which obliges the Swiss to treat French Jews according to the equal rights and privileges granted them by French law. But in several of the cantons Swiss Jews have not the rights and privileges enjoyed by Christians, and the embarrassing question is whether these can be extended to French Jews. These cantons have refused to abolish the existing disabilities, and it is probable that the Federal Constitution will have to be so amended as to place Jews throughout Switzerland on the same footing with Christians.

THE libraries of all the ministers of the Bourbon Government in Naples have been united, and opened to the public.

CORRESPONDENCE of a Parisian journal relates that a large part of the Neapolitan population believes the cholera to be the result of poisoning.

THE Neapolitan brigands have lately had the happiness to capture, near Salerno, the son of Signor Wenner, a rich proprietor, and now hold the young man subject to a ransom of \$100,000. The chief of the band explains to the prisoner that if his father can afford to build such fine country houses as that in which he was captured, he can pay handsomely for his release. This seems reasonable, but it has made country gentlemen in the neighborhood of Salerno very uneasy, and it is said that they remain fortified in their villas, and have given up calling on each other for fear of falling in with brigands if they step out of doors.

ROMAN correspondence of the *Débats* describes the office of Papal minister of finance as something embarrassing. St. Peter has not even money enough to pay his employees. It is a question still whether Antonelli will try to put an end to this state of things by seeking an accommodation with Italy. As yet he evidently has not sought it, but attends events with his arms folded, and trusting in Providence—a fine attitude for a Pope, says the correspondence quoted, but not for the minister of a temporal government.

It seems that religious intolerance still exists in Spain to a degree worthy of the days of the Inquisition. An Englishman who sickened and died of the cholera, in Murcia, was abandoned by everybody during his illness, and after his death was refused burial by the clergy, in the cemetery, while no landholder dared give the corpse ground enough to hide. At last the remains were packed in straw, and sent to the British consul at Carthagena.

THE FREEDMEN.

THERE have been some interesting medical reports to the Bureau during the past week. From them it appears that the number of freedmen in and around Richmond is 25,000. One thousand of them occupy an old Confederate hospital (Chimbarzo), which has been divided into small tenements for families. Nearly all of the occupants are self-supporting, and pay a small rent. The health of this camp is good. The indigent sick in the city are attended under the direction of the Virginia Medical College, without expense to the Government except for medicines. There is an increase of sickness with the approach of cold weather. The orphan asylum is carried on almost entirely by the Society of Friends. The only freedmen's hospital about the city is the Howard Grove Hospital. The Friends also assist in the support of this. Arrangements are making to have the medical duties performed, under the direction of the college just named, by professional assistants, one of the faculty consulting each day. The new system of commuting the hospital ration has created a small fund in the various hospitals for the purchase of delicacies.

There seems to be a decided change in the conduct of the country physicians with regard to the freedmen, and that for the better. Some of them have volunteered to take charge of the freedmen in their vicinity free of charge, provided the Bureau will furnish the medicines, and in many localities this offer has been accepted. Of the planters not a few care for their hands, either according to contract or out of sympathy; but by far the greater portion leave the colored people to care for themselves.

The number of freed people cared for by the Bureau in Louisiana, from July 1 to November 1, was 2,548; of sick and wounded, 1,906, with a mortality of 319. The deaths from yellow fever were fewer amongst the blacks than amongst the whites. The two colored orphan asylums in New Orleans have been consolidated, and are now in charge of the National Freedmen's Relief Association.

When Gen. Sherman arrived at Fayetteville, N. C., he sent to Wilmington 10,000 freed people, who were organized into a colony at Fort Fisher. The mortality amongst them has been fearful. Between March 17 and May 31, 2,000 of them died, which was at the rate of 30 a day. They are now, however, much improved in condition, and doing comparatively well.

The colored surgeon in charge of the freedmen's hospital in Savannah wrote to the surgeon-in-chief of the State for instructions as to whether he should enlarge his hospital with a view to the great increase of sickness. The reply was that the city must provide for its

own sick; whereupon, Surgeon Horner, chief medical officer of the Bureau, wrote as follows:

"Whilst the commissioner expects the civil authorities to attend to their own poor, he also expects the officers of the Bureau to see that the sick freedmen do not suffer when these authorities neglect their duty in providing for their wants."

Dr. Horner's report contains the following statistics: Whole number of refugees treated medically from the organization of the Bureau till Oct. 30, 2,551; deaths, 227, or six per cent.; whole number of freedmen thus treated in the same time, 45,898; deaths, 5,804, or 13 per cent.; remaining under treatment Oct. 30, 6,645 freedmen, 338 refugees.

The representations made at the North of the present and prospective suffering amongst the freedmen in Washington have been greatly exaggerated. The instrumentalities for their relief have been so well organized as to allay apprehension for the future. Mrs. J. S. Griffing's official connection with the Bureau has been terminated. Her duty hitherto has been to provide homes for such freed people as desired to go North.

There is a demand for labor in Louisiana that far exceeds the supply. The planters are beginning to make ready for next year's work, and liberal wages are offered along the Mississippi for able-bodied hands.

Rev. T. W. Conway has been ordered to report to Gen. Fisk at Nashville, for assignment to duty.

Minor Topics.

NOT born in New England (and we beg pardon of all New Englanders, and especially Bostonians, for the youthful inadvertence), what right have we to speak of the sacrificial feast which New England piety and persistence have made, in common with so many other good things, at last national? On this Thanksgiving Day, when so much sound doctrine will be pounded out of so many pulpits, from Bangor to Providence, throughout the whole May-Flowery Kingdom, should one, not native to the land, speak of the great religious festival which sprang from the very essence of New England life? As we hold up to ourselves in this objective light the idea of our presumption, we shudder to think what would have befallen our audacity in the good old days when all the thankful, well-filled stomachs of New England wore the heavenly blue of imputed righteousness, and one had better have been a heathen Pequot or a godless Quaker than a trifier with the austere and solemn mysteries of a Puritan holyday. What would those stern Pilgrim fathers, who have so long landed in such a number of ways on Plymouth Rock (we like them best as we see them in the charming engraving on the reverse side of the national bank-notes), have done with such a scribbler, if they could have laid their devout hands upon him; and confronted him with his Thanksgiving article in their own day?

We were so appalled by these reflections that, when considering how we should treat the subject, we concluded that we would merely speak of pumpkin-pies and turkeys and cranberry sauce. But, indeed, friends, would not that comprehend the whole festival in too many cases? Huge eating is the form that true happiness takes in all people of Northern blood; and whereas the frugal children of the South are as merry as crickets upon an empty stomach, your Northerner is only gay and grateful when gorged. His bosom's lord sits lightest on his throne when neighbored by a potent dinner. We are far from making this a reproach to our race, for we think it the duty of every man to eat a good dinner if he can get it; but we would have grace go before meat, and would mingle a little afterthought with the walnuts and the shag-barks which end the repast.

Doubtless, we are all very thankful to-day; but for what? "Why, sir," says old Jones—who has been so patriotic over the President's proclamation that he would not have faltered to serve up the American eagle on the bars of the national shield, had there been defect of turkey—"why, sir, we are once more a united people." And, in fact, this blessing deserves the first place in our gratitude. Alas! for many years the land has echoed to the awful voice of drums calling so loudly the young and brave to the feast of death, and our hearts may well be light that at our board to-day there is no suggestion of the dreadful

past except in the turkey's drum-stick with which the youngest boy, as usual, has been wronged out of his dinner. But, in our national pride and in our personal gratitude, let us not forget the many, many tables at which a dreary absence sits; let us not forget the tables where want pinches the pale face of the wife who must attend her "war-broken soldier," like a helpless child, where the empty blue sleeve dangling from the maimed shoulder is the pathetic image of the empty purse; let us not forget the widows' houses in which no table is spread to-day; let us not forget the hungry homes of rebellion throughout the desolated South; nor yet the simple souls in black who came to us so nobly in our need, and who now wait humbly the sign, long withheld, of our gratitude and affection. Yes, we are once more a united people; but let us not forget at what fearful cost, nor fail to thank God that He did not give us peace in our sin, and that He made us suffer until we put slavery away.

"I think," says Smart (who, indeed, occupies so remote a place at THE NATION's table that, but for his speaking, we should hardly have known he was there at all), "we ought to be grateful that the women are giving up waterfalls."

Do you, you poor soul? Then why do you not write three columns about it for some newspaper, and boldly attack the waterfall, now it is down? Nay, we say, let the ladies wear their hair how they will, they never can make it ugly nor themselves unamiable in the fond regard of THE NATION. If they have appeared at our poor Thanksgiving feast, it is for their presence we must be grateful, and not for their new fancy of dressing their hair *à la greeque*. As we walk up and down our stately streets, and look at the lovely women going by, we doubt if the women of any other land are so fair, and we are sure that no others are so good; and but that it would be too much like expression of gratitude for the sun, moon, and stars, we think we might properly give thanks to-day for American womanhood. That, too, not less than the republic's manhood, has been tried in the long war now passed, and the heroines of the struggle, if obscure, are hardly fewer than the heroes. Friends, there is yet a little sherry in the decanter (and if any likes it better, there is water on the table), and so let us drink a health, since it would be absurd to offer thanks for the blessing: The Ladies—May their descending waterfalls drown out and utterly wash away the silly grumblers who accuse them of vanity, idleness, and extravagance.

Without doubt, while we all feel collectively grateful for the happiness bestowed on us as a people, each of us has some individual blessing to acknowledge. To have been prospered in business; to have been spared sickness or saved from death; to have made new friends and kept old ones; to have ended some ancient feud, and taken the hand of him that used to hate us; to have been helped to do charity and aided to show mercy—these are things for some of which we hope each one of us has to be thankful. If any one has to be thankful for them all, he is the happiest man here.

"Yes," says the poet, with a consciousness in his voice, by which we know that he has verses to read, and is guiltily casting about for some absurd pretext to produce them,—“yes, and I believe we have quite as much reason to be grateful for the blessings of omission as for the good positively bestowed. Indeed, I think most of God's beneficence is negative, and that when men faithfully examine their hearts they have to rejoice not that they have received this or done that, but that one thing has been withheld, and that they have been restrained from another. It seems to me we have been put here under healthful and pure conditions, and that the divine goodness is chiefly shown when we are not permitted to change them. At any rate,” and here the poet goes on to mumble something about English words set to the feeling of an old Italian hymn, in such wise that he hardly knows whether he is or is not guilty of imitation, and then we catch the verses of his

THANKSGIVING.

I.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought:
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still:
For the heart from itself kept,
Our Thanksgiving accept.

II.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer :
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement :
For all loss of seeming good,
Quickened our gratitude.

"Why this," comments the preacher, in the tone of a man who has had his thought picked of his valuables, and sees them in the words of another, "is what you would be apt to hear from most pulpits to-day." And none the worse for the pulpits, as we think, but much the better for the pews if they heed the lesson, and do not go home and bury it "deeper than did ever plummet sound" under successive billows of oysters, turkey, and pie.

"At the same time," remarks the business-man, "I think the poet makes his gratitude for the negative blessings too vague. I would have him particularize: he should have specified our preservation from the cholera up to the present time, for I am sure that nothing but God's mercy has saved *this* filthy city from it, and He alone ought to have the praise. I should also have liked to have him say something about railroad accidents. Every day, as I ride up to my place in the cars, I read of fellow-creatures horribly mangled and ruthlessly murdered on the railroads somewhere; and I think all who travel by rail and come home unhurt, should fall down and thank God for His compassion on them. For me, I am most sincerely and humbly grateful to Providence for three hundred and sixty-five hair-breadth escapes during the past year."

"Well, Bobby, what are you grateful for, this Thanksgiving Day?"

Master Bobby, who never expected to be addressed directly by THE NATION, pauses a moment from his engagement with the drum-stick, and then responds in a shrill voice, uniting all that is most pleasing in the squeak of a door and the music of a pencil on a slate, "I was six years old last Saturday."

And you, madam, his mother, it is Bobby himself you are thankful for, that is plain to be seen by any one who looks at you passing your hand proudly over his head and lifting back the yellow hair from the brow bent over the drum-stick. Could any other boy have made such an answer as that?

"On a day like this," says a finely-modulated voice, which the reader must have heard before, "we ought all to be thankful that we are not as other men are." This remark makes the speaker very popular with the company, who, indeed, might have found the poet's verses heavy of digestion, and the business-man's observations not too cheerful, for, at last, most of us will not be kept from doing the evil we want to do, and some of us are directors of railroads. "I say," repeats the speaker, seeing the good impression he has made, "we ought all to be thankful we are not as other men are." The speaker is the Pharisee, and it is he and not poor Ahasuerus who is the real Wandering Jew, or, as the Germans call him much better, the Everlasting Jew. He has survived to this day, and he will never die. He is a very respectable man and his name is Tartuffe Podsnap, Esq.

Friends, let us leave you in your pleasant conceit. We see that the hostess is making those well-concealed signals, which everybody sees, for the host to rise from the table; and we know old Jones, who is so thankful we are a united people that he sets everybody the example of uniting the bulk of several people in his own person, longs to throw himself into his arm-chair before the glowing grate, and cast the bandanna of oblivion over his heavy eyes.

We think all reasonable people must be more than satisfied with the manner in which the Otero murder case has thus far been conducted. The police, in their prompt pursuit and discovery of the supposed assassins of the ill-starred Cuban, did their duty admirably, and Captain Waddy, who made the arrest of Gonzales, may be said to have exceeded, in his professional zeal, the bounds of duty.

We suppose we need not recount minutely the facts of this horrible affair; how Pellicer was taken the day after the murder; how he confessed to the Spanish Consul, implicating Gonzales as his accomplice; how Gonzales was captured, and how the dead man's money was found in his room. The reader has seen all this in the daily papers, where,

also, he may have learned much concerning Gonzales which the well-regulated public would wish to know, as, for example, that the miserable man's countenance is "one of the worst that can be imagined, having a most diabolical look;" that "his eyes are deeply set, and have a sinister gleam in them, like the Medusa glitter of the fabled basilisk;" that when suddenly confronted with the corpse of poor Otero, "his dark, evil eye fell on the face of the murdered man," and "instantly a tremor shot through his frame, a gurgling sound issued from his throat, his face grew absolutely livid, his lips parted, and a choking sensation came over him." Captain Waddy's headquarters were besieged for several days, we have been told, by "a crowd of eager visitors," who taxed the good-humored captain's patience to the utmost, "making him repeat, for the hundredth time, the story of the chase and capture of the alleged murderer Gonzales." Indeed, Captain Waddy seems to have been willing to make the affair as much an ovation to himself as possible; and, loth to let his celebrity perish with the indictment of the supposed murderers, he turned the victim himself to account, and achieved continued newspaper compliments by commanding, at Otero's funeral, an escort of a hundred policemen. Nay, besides the newspaper compliments, this last stroke won him the praises of Señor Cuyas, of the Barcelona Hotel, who, after the body was interred, obtained, before the chapel of the cemetery, "a knot of his dark-eyed countrymen," and repeated to them, "for the last time, the oft-told story of blood," and then finally made a neat speech of thanks to the police, and to Captain Waddy in particular. In fact, the business has been conducted from beginning to end with the utmost harmony between the hero of the drama, Captain Waddy, and Señor Cuyas, a subordinate character of great merit.

In working up the interest, however, it seems to us that injustice has been done to Gonzales, not as a character—for, certainly, no man accused of murder could wish to appear more impressively to the public than he has been made to—but as the prisoner of the law, and under its protection.

Captain Waddy, having satisfied his curiosity as to the effect of the dead man's appearance on his victim, and finding that Gonzales could not be induced to look at it a second time, next proceeded to gratify his professional vanity at the expense of the prisoner. He took him to a photographer's and had a picture made of himself and his prey:

"The captain dressed himself in the same costume which he wore at the capture of Gonzales, and a picture was taken of both men in the position in which they were at that time. The captain is standing with his right hand grasping Gonzales' collar and his left hand, with the club, holding his wrist. Gonzales' head is thrown back, and he is in the same attitude as he was on the sidewalk outside the Centre Street boarding-house. The captain and his charge then returned to the station-house."

We confess that we sicken as we read this, and have scarcely stomach to comment on it. The hard conditions of society impose on some the necessity of taking thieves and murderers, and we suppose it is well that the officers of the law should have some sort of interest in it, and a professional pride in the execution of duty. But why should Captain Waddy like to be pictured with his clutch upon a prisoner's collar, and his face looking into the terror and agony of the prisoner's face? Was the picture meant to be engraved for the criminal journals, or is it to be multiplied and offered for sale at the stationers'? Or does Captain Waddy merely wish to preserve for his own delight the proudest moment of his life, and hand down the image of it, a ghastly heirloom, to his descendants? Would some hangman like to be photographed with his foot on the spring of the trap?

As far as the miserable Gonzales was concerned, the transaction was so gross a violence to his defencelessness, that we hardly know how to characterize it. Captain Waddy seems to have thought that his prisoner was his property, his slave, his chattel, his beast, with which he might have his will in any way he chose. But he really had no more right to make Gonzales minister to his horrible vanity, than he had to hail from the street the first man he met, and compel him to the like office. One figures to himself the Spaniard's amazement and bewilderment at Captain Waddy's proceeding, and his dumb doubt (which never could have struggled to a protest in English) whether all this were lawful and just, and cannot but answer him that it was neither.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

THE WORK BEFORE CONGRESS.

THOSE who predicted that the great difficulty before Congress would be the harmonious organization of the House will, by the time this paper meets the eye of the reader, have seen their error. The true difficulties are yet to come. While the elements which will enter into the political problem are so incalculable that no foresight can now predict its solution, we may, nevertheless, take a passing glance at the points likely to be the center of interest for several months to come.

First in order, as in importance, comes the grand question of the reconstruction of the Union. It is universally expected that the present Congress will virtually settle both the time and the terms on which the States lately in rebellion may fully resume their dis severed relations with the national Government. Their claim to participate as co-equal partners in that Government having been totally forfeited by their own act of war, their re-admission to their old rights and privileges must depend upon such conditions as the Government itself shall impose. These conditions have not been and cannot be determined by the Executive branch of the Government alone. What is called "the reconstruction policy" of President Johnson is merely tentative and initiatory, and it remains with the legislative branch of the Government to take a deliberative survey of the whole field, to confirm or annul such acts of the Executive as do not rest upon positive law, and to fix, by appropriate legislation, the whole policy of the future.

In entering upon this part of its labors, Congress will have need of all the lights which can be thrown upon its path by experience and observation. The condition of society and the state of opinion in the Southern States they are bound, by every consideration of justice and public policy, thoroughly to scrutinize and to understand before deciding a question so momentous. Are those States which have so lately dropped the sword of rebellion, if at once restored to all their ancient powers, likely to prove safe and peaceable members of the body politic? This is a question not to be lightly settled, after a few weeks of wordy warfare. The consequences of a wrong decision are too fearfully grave to permit that headlong tendency which is so apt to control our politics to usurp the place of reason and deliberation. We seek to become settled, and are impatient of delay; but it becomes us to remember and apply the axiom, that "nothing is ever settled until it is settled right."

Next in importance to the re-admission of the lately insurgent States, and, indeed, indissolubly connected with it, comes the question of the rights and future status of four millions of emancipated bondmen. That question, aside from its intrinsic importance, is forced upon the early attention of Congress by the late action of several Southern States which have attempted to "hedge" against their overwhelming losses of slave property by enacting codes for the future government of the freedmen. The second clause of the Constitutional Amendment (now secured, beyond peradventure, by the certain acceptance of the requisite number of States) imposes upon Congress the duty of giving effect to the prohibition of slavery "by appropriate legislation." How far this is to operate as a grant of power to regulate the labor-system of the South, and to interpose the strong arm of Federal control between the exactions and oppressions of a "Code Noir" and its victims, will be the subject of early and warm debate. The doctrine of State rights versus Federal supremacy will be again thoroughly agitated, and we hope with good result. That the liberties of the black race are ultimately secure, we do not for a moment doubt. The Supreme Court as at present constituted would enforce the essence of the Constitutional Amendment, with or without that "appropriate legislation" on the part of Congress which it contemplates. But in a matter of such immediate consequence to every individual freedman, it would not be proper that the protection of their rights should be postponed to the remote contingencies of a judicial decision. What every man needs is justice, and justice must be brought to his own door, or the Government which is instituted expressly to secure this has failed of its end.

We attach little importance to the classification attempted by certain journals of the members of the present Congress as "Radicals" or "Conservatives" upon the questions in issue. There are reckoned in the House of Representatives 143 Unionists to 41 Democrats, and in the Senate 39 of the former to 11 of the latter. This leaves out of account (as is proper for the present) 58 representatives and 22 senators chosen, or to be chosen, in the eleven lately rebellious States. The Democrats elect all belong to the Bourbon school of politicians, and have not learned that the war has abolished slavery, nor forgotten that their party, in conjunction with the slave power, once ruled the Union. Their affinities can be accurately foretold. But it is idle to speculate about the action of the majority. While a great number of them owe their election to the predominant anti-slavery sentiment in their districts, many represent merely the triumph of a "Union" sentiment, or a coalition against the secession heresy. This element is rather negative than positive, and is quite likely to act upon the theory so elaborately defended by the late Mr. Buckle (and of which Stephen A. Douglas was the champion in this country), to wit: that expediency and not justice should be the aim of the legislator. Whether there is a sufficient number of stern believers in a loftier creed, to whose undimmed vision shines for ever the polar star of justice, like the flaming cross before the victorious legions of Constantine, yet remains to be seen.

Of the other measures likely to engage the attention of Congress, the financial problem is perhaps the foremost. The policy of expansion, as is widely felt, is to give place to the policy of contraction. Yet the latter policy cannot be carried into general effect so long as the national bank issues are being multiplied so rapidly as the existing laws permits. For the Government to recall its own issues of "legal tender" while suffering the banks to issue an unlimited amount, upon no other basis than its own bonds, of fluctuating value, is thought by multitudes to be the reverse of wisdom. Congress will have to consider the whole question of the currency maturely, and perhaps amend it in important particulars.

The internal revenue system will also undergo changes. There will be more than the customary pressure from special interests which declare themselves over-taxed, and some of those interests will probably be successful. It is known that the burden of taxation may be safely reduced, consistently with the future wants of the Treasury, and the tendency is, as in Great Britain, to concentrate the tax upon as few articles as possible. In no event, however, must the necessity of a sufficient revenue to yield a considerable sinking fund, in addition to the current expenditure, be lost sight of.

The existing tariff upon imported goods is not likely to be seriously disturbed. High as it is upon most articles, the feeling is strong that we should discourage the importation of mere luxuries. But the tariff of twenty-five per cent. upon books, and of twenty per cent. upon printing paper, operates injuriously upon the diffusion of knowledge, and should be promptly reduced or repealed.

The attempt will be renewed to pass a general bankrupt law, but it is unlikely to succeed, until, at least, the next "commercial crisis" shall render the measure more universally popular.

The Pacific Railroad, left in a provoking state of suspension by the action (or non-action) of the last Congress, will be again vigilantly brought to the notice of the national legislature by the special committee of which Senator Howard is the chairman. Of its future fortunes and of the probable influence upon them of the late Western tour of British capitalists, of which we have heard so much, we have no present room to speak.

The questions of the repeal of the confiscation law and of the test-oath of July 2, 1862, will doubtless cause protracted controversy, and will be settled or postponed according to the now uncertain judgment of the majority upon the overshadowing issue of reconstruction.

NATIONAL PROTECTION FOR WHITES AND BLACKS.

NEVER, since legislation was, did a legislative body come together under such a weight of responsibility, and charged with duties of such far-reaching and long-enduring issues, as the Congress which assembled at Washington last Monday. It is more than a legislative body. From the necessity of the case, it largely partakes of the nature of a

constituent body. For it has to decide questions and settle policy which are to determine the political condition of half the Republic. By its power of excluding the persons elected from the States lately in rebellion, it can fix the conditions on which alone they can come in, reaching to particulars of domestic policy and of the treatment of their inhabitants which belong, in ordinary times, exclusively to the determination of the States themselves. The Thirty-eighth Congress made itself immortal by the passage of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing and for ever prohibiting slavery. The Thirty-ninth has the not less glorious, but much more arduous, task of organizing the victory of the nation over its rebels into institutions assuring for ever the safety and happiness of all the inhabitants of that chastised region, and the prosperity, honor, and glory of the whole Union.

But though the task is arduous, and one that may well excite the most serious reflection and the liveliest sense of personal duty, it is one that needs only the application of plain common sense, in the light of the facts of our history for the last seventy-five years, to make the difficulties disappear and the necessary action obvious. Slavery was the occasion of the war. Slavery had practically abolished the clauses of the Constitution securing freedom of speech and of the press, and the right of the citizens of one State to claim the privileges of citizenship in every other State. And slavery had defied the general Government to enforce the Constitution in these particulars within its sacred domain. There can be no question as to the duty of Congress to provide for the protection of all the good people of the United States in travelling whithersoever they will in the Southern country, and of saying and printing whatever they choose there, subject to the laws of the land constitutionally expounded, without danger from lynch law, whether administered within or without the walls of a court-house. This it was always the duty of Congress to do, and it is not to be supposed that it will permit the old reign of misrule to be established anew, now that the opportunity of reformation is forced upon it. Formerly, too, slavery held one-sixth part of the inhabitants of the land in the vilest bondage on which the sun ever shone, which reduced them to the condition of the brutes that perish, as far as human wickedness could effect such fiendish metamorphosis. But slavery compelled the nation in its own defence to adjudge it worthy of death, and to carry the sentence into execution. In all the revolting States it has no existence, and though it has the name of living in two semi-loyal commonwealths, it is virtually dead even there, and will soon be buried out of sight by a constitutional decree of the nation. But its victims survive, crushed, maimed, degraded, helpless. The nation has given them their freedom; it is to see to it that they are secured in the perfect enjoyment of that freedom by all guarantees which wisdom and experience can devise. It is doubly bound to this duty by the fact that it is to the flower of their race, bond and free, that the great victory of right over the powers of darkness is in part due.

To take the last and most pressing duty first, how is Congress to perform to the unfortunate victims of slavery the duties which have devolved upon the nation? Plainly, by charging the nation with their protection against the white population until this last is content to leave them in the enjoyment of equal rights with themselves. The moment the Constitutional Amendment becomes a part of the law of the land, Congress is directly invested with full power to legislate to this end. But we believe that it is fully empowered, by the necessity of the case, to act at once, and to require the repeal of all the black laws which the rebel States are busy in passing, as essential to their restoration, or, this failing, to declare them null and of no effect. To leave the negroes at the mercy of such merciless legislation were scarcely a less crime than the rehabilitation of slavery proper. Protection to the persons and property of the freedmen is the first duty of the Government, and this is to be afforded at any expense, any risk, and any amount of exasperation and mortification of the late masters and the "white trash" worse than they. And this we conceive to be a duty precedent to that of investing the freedmen with the right of suffrage. It is well known that we go as far as the farthest in claiming for the black men of the South equality as citizens with the white men, subject to no other conditions or restrictions than such as apply impartially to all, white and black. But we would not have this question,

on which there exists an honest difference of opinion among loyal men, mixed up with that of protection, on which there ought not to be the least discrepancy, and will not be except on the part of rebels at heart. The nation may at least extend to the freedmen the protection which it gives to women, minors, and its other non-voting members. As it is obvious that the ordinary tribunals and officers of the late slave States are not to be trusted with the execution of laws securing this protection, provision must be made for enforcing them outside of, or rather within, the States themselves. The nation should be willing, and we believe is willing, to maintain an army of two hundred thousand men for twenty years, if necessary, to garrison the rebel States and enforce the national laws. Military tribunals, or special magistrates with a military force behind them, should have supreme authority in all cases affecting the freedmen, until the States show themselves fit to be entrusted with their protection.

Without this national protection the gift of suffrage would be but a new power of mischief put in the hands of the ruling class at the South. We utterly dissent from the doctrine that the ballot alone is sufficient to enable the negro to protect himself. Should the late seven States agree to give him the franchise on condition that all national interference were withdrawn, and he be left to their tender mercies, the ballot would be but a mockery to him, and a new strength to the hands of his old masters. Is the negro to be supposed superior to all the inducements of terror and interest and influence which are all-powerful but too often at the North? How many of the workmen in the navy-yards, in Democratic days, voted any other than the Democratic ticket? We will not argue too curiously as to how it has been since the Republicans came in. How many of the employees on the Camden and Amboy and New York Central Railways vote contrary to the known wishes of the directors? Have there been no instances of agents of factories marching up to the polls at the head of the operatives, all voting as one man? And is it very long since the oldest, wealthiest, and most respected inhabitants of this city were deterred from voting by fear of death or wounds in the attempt? And can the negroes be expected to resist the temptations of interest and the influence of intimidation more resolutely than intelligent and comparatively independent voters at the North? No; the armed protection of the nation will be needed by the negro at the polls as much as in the fields, in the school-house, in the church, and in the court-house. Give him effectual protection in his contracts, his labor, his family, his education, his freedom of locomotion, his right to bear arms, to sue and to testify in all courts, and the right of suffrage will not be long withheld from him, even if it cannot be secured along with those other rights.

Not merely the rights of the blacks at the South, but those of the whites at the North, before referred to, demand a resolute determination on the part of Congress to hedge them round with national bayonets, and to maintain an *imperium in imperio* at the South until the white men there have become accustomed to see their former slaves exercising the rights of freemen, and also learn that their own prosperity and safety are bound up with those of the freedmen. For the slave States never were really fit to govern themselves. They require a season of probation and education to prepare them for the new state of peace, safety, and prosperity which courts their hand. For Congress, in protecting the freedmen in their rights, and Northern men in theirs, will be conferring these blessings on their late enemies, and in the highest and truest sense be returning good for evil.

BISMARCK.

OF all the civilized countries yet saddled with the mediæval institution of a hereditary nobility, Germany carries the load of the most arrogant and needy variety. The English nobleman seeks a post of honor in his country's service; the cavaliers of old France took for their maxim, *Noblesse oblige*. The German aristocrat renders this "Nobility exempts"—from taxation and public responsibility. If in the possession of an estate, which case is the exception, for there is not a single Protestant nobleman in the receipt of half a million of income, he devotes himself to the badgering of his tenants. If poor, as he is in ninety-nine cases out of a

hundred, he achieves a lieutenancy, or attains the position of ornamental footman to the reigning prince. The only disgrace he never incurs is a *mésalliance* with any of the thriving bourgeoisie who are rapidly rising above the ruins of the old order. Still, subserviency is the road to power; and the monarchs, especially those of Prussia, conscious that their own importance is greatly enhanced by the existence of a class which, while dependent on the throne for the very necessities of life, is not more cringing to them than overbearing to the mass of the people, have been at some pains to preserve the race from extinction. Thus these barnacles on the ship of state, not unlike the slaveholders of our own South, whom they resemble in bigotry, scorn of labor, and self-conceit, have maintained almost a monopoly of the most influential public offices, and a disproportionate influence on the politics of the country.

In some respects a fair type of his class, Charles Otto, Count of Bismark-Schoenhausen, is decidedly their superior not only in intellect and education, having taken a university degree, but also in the fundamental character of his politics. Though found, at this moment, on the side of legitimacy in the contest respecting the distribution of domestic power, he has given ample proof that this position, instead of being regarded by him as the final end and goal of all political action, is adopted to subserve a temporary purpose. He belongs to the school of politicians known in Europe as the Napoleonic, having been initiated by the first and perfected by the third Napoleon. Unscrupulous in the choice of means, peculiarly adroit in the mixture of truth and falsehood, regardless of tradition as well as of positive law, levellers in the spirit of a centralizing despotism, and even revolutionary when it serves their ends, these men are filled with hatred of the people and of all popular aspirations, on the suppression of which they can alone exist, and which occasionally they, nevertheless, pretend to favor. In times of political transition, when the public are halting between two opinions, and the uncertainty of affairs reflects this vacillating condition of the general mind, there are fits of impatience which lead people to crave the attainment of no matter what result, at any cost, in preference to the characteristic indecision of the period. It is in answer to such demands that the Napoleons and Bismarks of the day, like the tyrants of the Greek republics, strut their hour upon the stage, achieving successes which, though really fraught with losses to the masses, are preferred by them to the imperceptible gains. Expediency is the only rule of action of these bastard statesmen; to find occupation for their talent for bringing about results they are constrained to raise complications where none would otherwise exist, and aggravate those they find existing. On the other hand, they often become benefactors of the human race against their will, because the necessity of self-preservation and self-aggrandizement compels them to launch their boats on the strongest currents, which, in the nature of things, invariably follow the channels of progress in the end.

All these peculiarities are strongly exemplified in the brief career of the subject of these remarks. Born at Brandenburg, in 1813, he lived on his farmers until 1847, and then entered the parliament called by Frederic William IV. as a reactionary of the strictest sect, distinguished only by that "plantation manners" style of oratory, then little known in Europe, by which he rose into notoriety. In 1851 it procured him the position of Prussian representative at the restored German Diet at Frankfort. He then contracted an admiration for Louis Napoleon, which so far influenced him during the Italian struggle of 1859 that the degree of favor toward France and of coldness to Austria with which he acted led to his recall by the ministry. After having served for some years as ambassador at St. Petersburg, and for a short time at the Tuileries, he was called to the head of Prussian affairs on the 24th of September, 1862.

At one of the first committee meetings of the chamber he took occasion to remark that great questions are not decided by speeches and majority resolutions, but by "blood and steel." When the assembly met in January, 1863, and voted that the ministers had violated the constitution, he declared that political conflicts, if not adjusted by compromise, are always decided by force. He denied the power of the House to make rules of order binding upon the ministers in debate, and when the Speaker was sustained by the House in calling a member of the cabinet

to order, the ministry withdrew, and declared they would not return until expressly exempted from parliamentary discipline. The struggle ended in the dissolution of the chamber. The next assembly having convened November 9, 1863, and having refused to vote a loan of twelve millions of thalers to enable the Government to uphold the unity of the Danish monarchy under the treaty of London of 1852, Bismark declared that the Government meant to take the means of carrying out its policy wherever it should find them, and dismissed the chamber with a speech in which he declared that they had taken sides with the enemies of Prussia for the purpose of coercing the Government in violation of the constitution.

Ever since his assumption of the government it has been his studious effort to direct attention from these intestine broils to the subject of foreign affairs. A very liberal commercial treaty with France having been made the subject of remonstrances by the Austrian government, coupled with a proposal to enlarge the German Diet by a house of representatives elected by the people, Bismark replied that Austria must either make common cause with Prussia, "or seek her centre of gravity at Buda." In 1863 Francis Joseph convened all the German monarchs at Frankfort, and submitted a crude project of reform of the German confederation, without manifesting any anxiety to have it maturely considered before adoption. Prussia refused to attend, complaining that Austria wanted to take Germany by surprise, and that the project was not to be thought of unless the proposed representatives were to be elected by universal suffrage. At this point the death of the King of Denmark overturned all existing calculations. Both Prussia and Austria had stipulated at London, in 1852, that on the occurrence of that event the duchies Sleswick and Holstein, which the deceased monarch had inherited, not as King of Denmark, but as Duke of Holstein, should fall to the new King of Denmark, who, as such, would have had no title to the succession, and should be and remain integral parts of the Danish kingdom. The German Diet and the lesser German monarchies were not parties to the treaty of London, and were, therefore, free to insist, as they did, that these provinces were the rightful inheritance of the Prince of Augustenburg, and entitled to the protection of the German confederation, to which they belong, against all encroachments by the Danes or other foreigners. The logical result would have been an alliance of Prussia and Austria with Denmark against the Diet. Bismark did join hands with Austria; but the alliance with Denmark was impracticable, first, because the national pride of Germany, in Prussia as well as out of it, was deeply enlisted in the revindication of these duchies, and still more because Prussia itself had long coveted their possession. When, therefore, the Diet deliberated upon the occupation of the disputed territories, the two great powers went no further than to procure the substitution for that measure of an "execution," that is, of an armed invasion to overcome the recusancy of the new King of Denmark, in not submitting his claims to the adjudication of the Diet. Having carried this amendment, they moved that the "execution" should be committed to them exclusively. Meeting with a peremptory refusal, they curtly declared that they would take the matter into their own hands, and proceeded to fulfil their engagement to guarantee the integrity of the Danish monarchy by invading that very kingdom for not submitting the question of its disintegration to a hostile party, and closed a very successful campaign by the treaty of August 1, 1864, in which, notwithstanding the fulminations of the English diplomats at the conference at London, Denmark renounced all claim to the duchies. Then ensued a diplomatic struggle between the victors relative to the division of the spoils, resulting in the treaty of Gastein, which gives Sleswick to Prussia and Holstein to Austria. But this agreement was made in open contempt, not only of the Duke of Augustenburg, the party whose "rights" constituted the sole excuse for any one's interference, but of the German confederation, of which both Prussia and Austria are constitutive members, and, therefore, clearly bound by its decrees, and which is the only representative of that German nationality to vindicate which was the ostensible object of the war. The assertion of a right to do as they have done, implies, on the part of Austria and Prussia, a right to make partition of all the smaller states, and forebodes a bisection of Germany as the issue of the efforts for its unity, while the protest of the Diet applies not more strongly to the present confiscation of the provinces than to the betrayal of them in 1852, and

is incompatible with any action of these powers in which Germany is interested, not in subordination to the nominal head of the German confederation.

On the other hand, Bismark is entitled to the credit of having proved by experiment that there is practically no power in Germany outside of Austria and Prussia, and that the remaining principalities are incapable of postponing their selfish desires to a common purpose, and forming a balance of power in the German body politic. This idea of a *trias* has been exploded by the pressure administered by Prussia. The lesser states have suffered the golden opportunity of vindicating the national honor, when betrayed by the two great powers in the earlier stages of the struggle, to pass unimproved, and it will not return. A feeble protest was all they dared interpose. By inducing Austria to accept a share of the spoils, Bismark has further dispelled the illusion hitherto kept up by the latter power that it would protect the small fry of the old empire against the ambitious designs of Prussia. The consequence is not only a loss of German influence by Austria, but the parting of the last moorings of the little monarchies. Long since deprived of the good-will of their subjects, these petty rulers have now lost even their reliance on Austrian support, and are poised in mid-air, ready to be submerged by the waves of the next grand political inundation, which will probably scatter them as waifs on the strands of Prussia, Austria, and possibly, for a time, of France. Thus the great question has been relieved of a number of its embarrassments.

PRICES.

DURING the war we were treated nearly every day to long and solemn exhortations from the newspapers, addressed to the speculators, warning them to desist from their wicked practices of running up the price of gold. There were many writers, and there was a large portion of the public, who could not be persuaded that if the speculators could somehow or other be punished or restrained, the ups and downs of the gold market would not cease, and legal tenders drop down to par, or nearly par. Nor was there the slightest use in calling their attention to the fact that it was the uncertainty created by the events of the war that gave the speculators all their power of mischief; that the real root of the trouble was in the public mind, which was agitated by hopes and fears; and that as soon as public events resumed their ordinary course, the speculators could no more speculate in gold than live in an exhausted receiver. There is, in fact, no more use in declaiming against gambling in the public funds during great political convulsions, than in inveighing against flies for appearing in dining-rooms during the hot weather. But the preaching went on in this case till Congress tried its hand at punishment in 1864. The great "gold bill" was introduced which was to drive the speculators back into their dens, and cover the political economists who advised their being let alone with confusion. The result was that gold ran up to nearly 300, and the bill, after having done immense mischief, was repealed in twelve days. This put a stop to the preaching on this subject. The speculators were henceforward treated with silent contempt; and, as everybody knew who had ever given any serious thought either to the laws of trade or the laws of human nature, the wretches found their occupation gone the minute the war was over. Gold still remained to be bought and sold. The speculators were as anxious as ever to run it up. But the public mind was no longer agitated by the storm of war; the price ceased to vary to any but a very slight degree.

Peace, however, did not bring any great diminution in prices. In fact, they have been rising steadily since very soon after Lee's surrender. The causes of this are to be sought either in the state of the labor market, or in the proportion borne by the quantity of currency in existence to the quantity required, or in taxation. To find them in any of these, however, would have required a good deal of thought and research, so the easier course was resorted to of abusing the butchers and bakers and grocers as extortioners. The dearness of everything was ascribed to a conspiracy amongst the tradesmen, and people were gravely encouraged to form anti-meat and other self-denying clubs for the purpose of bringing the harpies to their senses. All this was pure waste of paper and ink, though a great many sim-

pletons read it as gospel. As a general rule, people know themselves when beef and cloth are dear without being told by their newspapers, and know also whether or not they can afford to buy them; and unless some great change should take place in human nature, persons who like beef, and find that their means enable them to eat it, will continue to do so as long as the world lasts, newspaper advice to the contrary notwithstanding. Providence has provided means of putting prices down, when they get higher than the supply warrants, far better than any club can devise. When meat gets dear, those who feel its dearness eat less of it, or stop eating altogether, without waiting for a hint from the press; and as these constitute a considerable proportion of the public, the butcher very speedily knows that if there be any room for coming down, down he must come. This class, therefore, could do no more for cheapness by signing their names to a pledge than they do without it. Those, on the other hand, who like meat, and can afford to eat it at any price, will continue to eat it, no matter what editors may say.

We need hardly say no clubs of this kind were ever formed. The mass of the community being sensible and economical people—as the mass of every community must be which is rapidly growing rich—they continued to manage their own affairs as before, and to regulate their butchers' bills without submitting them to a council of their neighbors or publishing them in the daily papers. A movement got up by some ladies whose zeal outran their knowledge, for the formation of an anti-foreign goods association, towards the close of the war, ended in the same way. In the first place, there were not enough women found to forswear foreign goods, or any other goods that suited their tastes or their pockets, to make the smallest impression on the market. In the second place, the retailers were found anything but ready to come forward as patriotic venders of native manufactures. Not only were they not willing to confine themselves to the sale of American goods, but they were found to be rather inclined to sell everything as foreign goods—the reason being that, in spite of many luminous articles in the magazines and daily papers, people were found to prefer French gloves and French and English cloth, whenever they could afford to buy them, for the simple reason that they were better and more durable. The association said they were not, but the persons who wore them flattered themselves—like the buffalo with regard to the proper side of his hide to be exposed to the weather—that they knew better.

We now hear no more talk of voluntary associations for the promotion of cheapness. The denunciations of the butchers and bakers have also ceased, and prices are higher than ever, although gold has for some months back remained stationary. As long as it was only in currency that prices rose, of course there was something to hope from Congress or Mr. McCulloch, but neither he nor Congress can bring about contraction in specie, or make either food or clothing one cent cheaper except by reduction in taxation. The indications that the present high prices and their upward tendency are due to a constant and of late rapid increase in the value of gold in circulation are numerous enough to satisfy us that we shall never again see the "old prices." The movement is not confined to this country. It is apparent also in France and England, where, however, the suffering or inconvenience will be much greater from it than here. In both these countries there is a vast body of annuitants, who cannot at all, or cannot readily, change their investments, to whom every fall in the value of money is a positive and irretrievable diminution of income. In America almost everybody can readily adapt his income to prices, either by a change of investments or a rise of wages; but the sooner we all make up our minds that the rise takes place, not owing to the deep-laid villany of speculators but in obedience to a great economical law, the easier the transition will be. It can be greatly mitigated, however, by a reduction of taxation, and what reduction can be made, if any, with a due regard to the public credit, it will be the business of the present Congress to decide, with the light furnished them by the commission which has been sitting in this city during the summer. If something cannot be done to lighten people's burden, here in New York, business will inevitably be driven to other places, and we are not sure that the country would not be benefited by a greater distribution of it.

TO THE THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

O PEOPLE-CHOSEN! are ye not
Likewise the chosen of the Lord,
To do His will and speak His word?

From the loud thunder-storm of war
Not man alone has called ye forth,
But He, the God of all the earth!

The torch of vengeance in your hands
He quenches; unto Him belongs
The solemn recompense of wrongs.

Enough of blood the land has seen,
And, not by cell, or gallows-stair,
Shall ye the way of God prepare.

Say to the pardon-seekers: Keep
Your manhood; bend no suppliant knees,
Nor palter with unworthy pleas.

Above your voices sounds the wail
Of starving men; we shut in vain
Our eyes to Pillow's ghastly stain.

What words can drown that bitter cry?
What tears wash out that stain of death?
What oaths confirm your broken faith?

From you alone the guaranty
Of union, freedom, peace, we claim:
We urge no conqueror's terms of shame.

Alas! no victor's pride is ours
Who bend above our triumphs won
Like David o'er his rebel son.

Be men, not beggars. Cancel all
By one brave, generous action; trust
Your better instincts, and be just!

Make all men peers before the law,
Take hands from off the negro's throat,
Give black and white an equal vote.

Keep all your forfeit lives and lands,
But give the common law's redress
To Labor's utter nakedness.

Revive the old, heroic will,
Be in the right as brave and strong
As ye have proved yourselves in wrong.

Defeat shall then be victory,
Your loss the wealth of full amends,
And hate be love and foes be friends.

Then buried be the dreadful past,
Its common slain be mourned, and let
Its memories soften to regret.

Then shall the Union's mother-heart
Her lost and wandering ones recall,
Forgiving and restoring all:

And Freedom break her marble trance
Above the Capitolian dome,
Stretch hands and bid ye welcome home!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Correspondence.

"OUR SOUTHERN BRETHREN."

Boston, Nov. 25, 1865.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

DEAR SIR: The enclosed letter from our correspondent has been in my hands for some weeks. I have not sent it to you before because I did not wish to put into print statements so strong as to discourage Northern men from going South until such statements should be confirmed from other sources of information, as they have been.

The letter is dated from Galveston, but does not give the writer's impres-

sion of Texas, but of South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama. In the latter State he saved the cotton-laden boat on which he was passing down the Tombigbee River, and his own life with it, by his great coolness in directing the escape of the boat from a band of guerrillas who attacked and followed three miles down the river, an account of which he gave in a letter to his father—not to me.

E. A.

WEBOS RANCH, Isaquena Co.,
Mississippi, Nov. 13, 1865.

I regret to state that under the civil power, now deemed by all the inhabitants of Mississippi (since the order of President Johnson revoking Gen. Slocum's decree in relation to the State militia) to be paramount, the condition of the freedmen, in many portions of the country, has become deplorable and painful in the extreme. I must give it as my deliberate opinion that the freedmen are to-day, in the vicinity of where I am now writing, worse off in most respects than when they were held as slaves. If matters are permitted to continue as they now seem likely to be, it needs no prophet to predict a rising on the part of the colored population, and a terrible scene of bloodshed and desolation; nor can one blame the negroes if this proves to be the result. I have heard, since my arrival here, of numberless atrocities that have been perpetrated against the freedmen. It is sufficient to state that the old overseers are in power again. The agents of the Freedmen's Bureau are almost powerless. Just as soon as the United States troops are withdrawn, it will be unsafe for the agents of the Bureau to remain. The object of the Southerners appears to be to make good their often-repeated assertion to the effect that the negroes would die if they were freed; to make it so, they seem determined to goad them to desperation in order to have an excuse to turn upon and annihilate them. There are within a few miles of where I sit writing several Northern men who have settled here, designing to work plantations; they all assure me that they do not consider themselves safe in the country, and two of them, ex-colonels of the United States army, are afraid to leave their places without an armed escort. Other Northern lessees do not dare remain on their places.

The following is another letter of an earlier date from the same source:

GALVESTON, Texas, Oct. 16, 1865.

DEAR SIR: I leave here this afternoon for Houston. You asked me in your last letter what my ideas were in relation to cotton-planting.

If Northern men will assimilate to these half-civilized Southerners, will consent to give up all the ties that connect them with their homes, promise to oppose negro suffrage to the death, and submit to a constant and untiring surveillance of every action, they will be permitted to remain in this Southern country, although any man born north of Mason and Dixon's line, or who has ever borne arms in the Federal army, will be regarded with more or less distrust, will hear his friends, sentiments, and education made the subject of never-ceasing abuse and vituperation, and must never expect to be allowed to advocate any theory that does not meet general favor. If any man from the North comes down here expecting to hold and maintain radical or abolition sentiments, let him expect to be shot down from behind the first time he leaves his house, and know that his murderer, if ever brought to trial, will be acquitted by the jury. If the military are withdrawn, his home will be no protection, and he may expect to be hung from his own chamber-window. I tell you, Mr. Atkinson, these men are only taking breath and recuperating; not that there is the slightest danger of any immediate outbreak—the Southern people are too smart for that. They will never again measure strength with the North, unless their success be assured beforehand. In case of foreign war or domestic convulsion at the North, they will rise, but they will never try it alone and without assistance. Meantime, they propose to take it out in hating. Already our officers are the subject of a social ostracism.

It will be possible, by minding one's own business and not interfering with politics on either side, by keeping at home as much as possible, and adopting a conciliatory policy, to get along; but for one I should rather plant under the old state of affairs, for then it was fair and open warfare, and we knew what to expect; now there are hundreds of the most bitter and resentful secessionists at home who were then in the army.*

These men say what they will do, and I believe them. I repeat that any man of radical views who comes down here to plant cotton will be in constant danger, day and night, unless he holds his tongue.

The Union that these men fancied they were returning to is the old Union of Pierce and Buchanan. My room-mate on the *Magnolia* told me he would make one of a party to assassinate all the officers connected with the Freedmen's Bureau in a minute. I told General Gregory of it, but the remark was too common to attract notice. Nevertheless, if people think these threats mean nothing they are much mistaken, else I am a very poor judge of human nature.

Military law is the only chance or hope for permanent order in this unhappy country. I begin to think, with Carlyle, that "America is the dirtiest chimney of the nineteenth century, and must burn itself clean."

The ministers of the Gospel of all denominations, the instructors of the youth of the country, the women and the young men, all hate the North with a degree of intensity that cannot be exaggerated. The only men on whom it is possible to depend, singular as it may appear to you, are the leaders of the South during the war. Convert such a man as their Vice-President, Stephens, and his influence for good will be immense, but the masses of the people are beyond our reach.

The wealthy and educated men of the South are not so foolish but they must see how useless all this blind hate is, and if you can secure their influence in abating it you will have done all that can be done at present. All our officers will confirm my assertion, when I say that the soldiers and

* Mr. K. attempted cotton-planting last year on the Mississippi.—E. A.

officers of the Confederate army are more moderate, more reasonable, and milder in their views than those who never fought for the cause at all.

I find our officers are getting to return hate for hate, and no wonder. They were and are a conquered people, and can only be held as such. They must be held down, or they will hold us down.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE STATES.

III.

THE STATES UNDER THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND THE CONFEDERATION.

WE have seen that when the people of the colonies took up arms in defence of their liberties they entertained no purpose of revolution, of separation from the mother country, or of establishing a new political sovereignty or sovereignties; that the course of events gradually forced upon them the conviction that their only security was to be found in national independence, and that in proportion as they were weaned from their hereditary reverence for British supremacy, a Congress of their own creation advanced step by step to the sovereign position formerly held by the government of the British Empire. Congress sanctioned the establishment of provisional, and afterwards of permanent, local governments. Congress appointed the leaders and controlled the operations of the national armies which achieved our national redemption, and Congress finally declared the independence of the people of the United States and severed for ever the tie which had bound them to the parent land.

The members of the Congresses of 1794, 1795, and 1796 were appointed partly by the popular branch of the colonial legislatures, *in which case it was thought necessary to submit the choice thus made to ratification by popular conventions*, partly by members of those legislatures acting, after the dissolution of the assemblies, as self-constituted committees, and, in a still larger proportion, by popular conventions assembled without warrant of law, upon the call of influential individuals. It does not appear, I believe, that in any case the freemen voted directly for the delegates in the primary municipal assemblies, and therefore, as I have before remarked, the immediate relation between constituent and representative did not exist. The members of Congress were accordingly representatives of the people at large, and not of this or that particular district, or county, or other territorial circumscription, and they expressly declared themselves, in the most general and broadest form of expression, to be "delegates appointed by the good people of the colonies." All this clearly shows that the provincial governments, both those which held over under the old colonial organization and those established under the authority of Congress, were regarded as bodies of very limited powers and of purely local jurisdiction, and thus far we find not the slightest countenance for the notion of any sovereignty but that of Congress.

It may seem idle to enquire whether the Declaration of Independence either conferred the attribute of sovereignty upon the States or recognized it as subsisting in them, for it is evident that it was invested with no power to make such a grant, no authority to bind the people by such a concession. But, in spite of unpatriotic sneers at its "glittering generalities," the Declaration of Independence has always been regarded by our soundest statesmen as an authoritative statement of the principles of American liberty, and of the American political system. Hence, though it is of earlier date than the confederation and the Constitution, it is of importance as our expository commentary on those instruments.

The Declaration of Independence, so far from proclaiming the several nationality, sovereignty, or independence of the single States, does not even recite their names, or designate them in any way except by the comprehensive appellation of the United Colonies and the United States of America. There is not in the document, from beginning to end, a single phrase which recognizes even so much as the municipal individuality of the States, except the fact that the collective name of the Republic, whose independence was declared, is, grammatically speaking, a plural. It nowhere appears from this instrument that any one colony had its special history, its special rights and powers, its special grievances, although it is notorious that some of them were, strictly speaking, provinces, some proprietary corporations, and some technical chartered colonies; that their privileges under the British Crown were widely different; and that, in many cases, the tyrannical acts most loudly complained of by one colony in nowise extended to or affected the others, in nowise infringed the rights which those others claimed. If the framers of the Declaration considered the States as distinct, sovereign, and independent, why should they have specified the grievance of one as the grievance of all? What had independent Georgia or South Carolina to do with the oppressions of independent Massachusetts or Virginia? The answer is plain: When the Council and Assembly of New Hampshire resolved that Congress

ought to "declare the Thirteen United Colonies AN INDEPENDENT STATE," they spoke the will of that "people" in whose "name" and by whose "authority" Congress issued its for ever memorable Declaration. With the American people, the "Thirteen United Colonies" was but a "geographical expression," not implying plurality of sovereignties. They regarded themselves and were regarded by their delegates as ONE in birth, allegiance, interests, rights, duties, political principles, political destiny. They declared themselves absolved from allegiance to the British crown because, by keeping among "us" standing armies in time of peace, without the consent of "our legislatures;" by cutting off "our" trade with all parts of the world; by imposing taxes on "us" without "our" consent; by taking away "our" charters and abolishing "our" laws; by numerous other acts of purely local tyranny, which injured none but the immediate citizens of the colony aggrieved; and, finally, by plundering "our" seas, ravaging "our" coasts, burning "our" towns, and destroying the lives of "our" people, the King of England had "abdicated the government" of his American subjects and forfeited the sovereignty of their common, undivided, and indivisible country.

Up to this point, then, there is no question that, both historically and legally, the sovereignty, when it departed for ever from the British crown, lodged and became vested in the whole people of the Thirteen United Colonies, or, as they now called themselves, States. It is equally certain, as has been before said, that no one colony or State ever achieved its own separate independence and sovereignty, either with or without the consent of the rest. Hence, it irresistibly follows that the States individually are possessed only of just such and so many of the attributes of sovereignty as the people of the United States have conceded to them.

The words "sovereign" and "sovereignty," it is to be remarked, do not once occur in the Declaration of Independence. They were now and then vaguely used in public documents at an early period of the Revolution, but the first time that either of them is to be met with in a context which both fixes and defines its meaning as applied to the States, is in the Articles of Confederation. The second article of this instrument—which in various passages declares the union witnessed by it to be "perpetual"—runs as follows: "Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not by this confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled." In other words, the people of the United States renounced in favor of the individual States all the prerogatives and attributes of sovereignty which they did not, by the Articles of Confederation, expressly reserve to themselves, as represented in Congress. What, then, were the "sovereign" attributes reserved, or, if the words of the instrument be insisted on, "delegated" to the United States, and what were those conceded to, or "retained," by the individual States?

The Articles of Confederation are to be construed, like any other legal instrument, as a whole, and if, through inadvertence, misapprehension, or excess of caution, words, phrases, provisions, or reservations inconsistent with the general scope and purpose of the articles, and with the plain and obvious intent of their authors, were introduced into them, they are to be interpreted in a sense consonant with the general character and object of the document, or rejected altogether as repugnant and void. This is a principle of construction universally applied to contracts, conveyances, wills, and other legal writings between private parties, as also to acts of legislation, to governmental grants and ordinances, and to treaties between sovereign powers. All such instruments are to be so interpreted *ut res magis valeat quam pereat*, so as not to defeat themselves, and the subordinate word or clause must yield to the supreme and general purpose. Tested by this principle, it will be found that the word "sovereignty," as used in the Articles of Confederation, means only municipal and territorial individuality, and local jurisdiction. The States "retained" the nominal quality of "sovereignty"—a quality now, for the first time, claimed in their behalf—while, by the same act, they acknowledged themselves destitute of all its substantial attributes, just as a king who has abdicated or been deposed is still complimented with the title and ceremonial honors of "Majesty," and as a dowager duchess, though superseded by a younger incumbent, is still saluted as "Your Grace;" or—to use a more national, and therefore a more patriotic illustration—as a gentleman once a member of Congress continues to be addressed as "the Honorable Mr. S&—so" to the end of his life. The parallel, indeed, is not exact, because the States professed to delegate what they had never possessed—the real prerogatives of independent supremacy—while the dethroned monarch, the widowed lady, the Honorable James Brooks, and the Honorable Fernando Wood have lost material powers and privileges which they once actually enjoyed.

I may here observe, by way of parenthesis, that I am arguing, for the moment, upon the supposition that the Articles of Confederation were really a contract between parties competent to enter into such stipulations. These

articles were, indeed, often spoken of at the time as a "compact," but the ablest constitutional expositors have always held that the word, as thus used, did not imply what was not the fact, namely, that it was an instrument whereby certain engagements and certain concessions were really made by independent parties competent of themselves, or duly authorized by others, to contract. The articles were no more a contract than was the Declaration of Independence, which nobody ever dreamed of designating by that appellation. The Congress which framed them was elected in the same informal way as its predecessor; the credentials of a majority of them came from voluntary popular assemblies gathered in pursuance of no law; and though, in a few instances, the State legislatures had passed resolutions vaguely authorizing the delegates to co-operate with those from other States in measures calculated to give greater force and authority to the action of Congress, most of the members had no instructions whatever more specific than simply a testimonial of their election. But a more conclusive objection to the validity of this instrument, regarded purely as a contract between the States, is the want of all power in those corporations to set themselves up as parties to such an instrument. They were, as has been sufficiently shown, in no sense "sovereign," except as any town or even high-way district is sovereign; they were not independent, except as their people shared in the common independence which all were struggling to conquer. The Articles of Confederation, then, were an *application* by the people of the United States of the principles promulgated in the name and by the authority of that people in the Declaration of Independence. They were in the concrete what the Declaration was in the abstract.

But to return to the question, What sovereignty was reserved or delegated to the United States, what conceded to or retained by the individual States?

The first article provides that the style of the confederacy shall be "The United States of America."

The second has been already quoted.

By the third, the States "enter into a firm league of friendship with each other for their common defence, the security of their liberties, and their mutual and general welfare, and pledge themselves to assist each other against all force offered to, or to attacks made upon, them or any of them," etc., etc.

The fourth recognizes a community of rights in the whole people of the Union, by securing to the citizens of each the rights of citizenship in all—a provision utterly inconsistent with the idea of a distinct nationality or political sovereignty in each State.

The ninth declares Congress to be invested with the sole and exclusive right and power of determining on peace or war; of sending and receiving ambassadors; entering into treaties and alliances; establishing prize courts; deciding all disputes between States concerning boundary, jurisdiction, or any other cause whatever, and all disputes growing out of conflicting grants of land by different States; regulating the alloy and value of coin; fixing the standard of weights and measures; establishing post-offices; raising money on the credit of the United States; building and equipping a navy; directing the operations of the land and naval forces of the Union, and with other important prerogatives of sovereignty.

On the other hand:

By the sixth article the States are forbidden to receive embassies; to enter into any conference, agreement, alliance, or treaty with foreign powers or with each other; to lay any duties which may interfere with the stipulations of treaties entered into by Congress; to maintain an army or a navy in time of peace, or to engage in war except for self-defense in case of actual invasion.

After all this, it is very evident that those who insisted on the concession or retention of the "sovereignty" of the States had no clear notions of the meaning of the word. It could not be intended to cover the right of secession; for by the very terms of the confederation, Article 13, the Union was declared to be *perpetual*, and it is difficult to imagine how any statesman could ever have supposed a government to be "sovereign" which could have no foreign relations, or even be known to foreign powers as having any political existence except as a municipal corporation; which could not maintain at its will an army or a navy; and which had, moreover, expressly acknowledged the supremacy of another body in every attribute, every power, every jurisdiction, by which nations are known to the world as bodies politic.

True, the States could tax their own citizens for purposes contemplated by the constitutions which they had framed for themselves by authority of Congress. So can every city, and, in States where people learn to read, so can every school-district; but they are not, therefore, sovereign.

They could define and punish crime. So can many inferior jurisdictions.

The city of Boston made it a crime to smoke cigars in the streets, and punished its first mayor for a violation of this law; but Boston is not, for this reason, an empire. They could organize and discipline a militia. The city of London had, and perhaps still has, its "Train-bands," but it acknowledges the supremacy of Parliament.

The great defect of the confederation was the want of an express grant by the people to Congress of powers necessary for efficiently carrying out the will of the people, not the reservation of powers to the States which, from the very nature of the case, they were incompetent to exercise. The question of MacFingal:

"For what is your Congress and its end?
A power to advise and recommend!"

suggests the difficulty, though it does not state it with logical precision. So far as the foreign relations of the Union were concerned, Congress had most, though certainly not all, of the necessary powers. The Government could have gone on had Congress been invested with the means of making itself respected and obeyed at home. While the war lasted, the pressure of necessity and the spirit of patriotic forbearance secured, in a sufficient degree, the harmony requisite for the conduct of the military operations; but that pressure once removed, the elements of discord developed themselves, and it was seen that the people of the Union must provide, by a new fundamental law, more energetic and authoritative organs for the expression and the execution of its sovereign will.

G. P. M.

MRS. GASKELL.

LONDON, Nov. 18, 1865.

THE ranks of our English novelists have sustained a heavy loss by the death of Mrs. Gaskell. The death was a very sudden and unexpected one. Within the last few months Mrs. Gaskell had bought a small house in the little Hampshire market-town of Alton, and was stopping there for the purpose of furnishing it. On Sunday she was dining with her daughters, when she suddenly fell off her chair. She died within a few hours, and, I believe, was never conscious after her seizure. On your side the Atlantic she must have numbered thousands of readers, as I have seen her novels in book-stalls all over the Union. She counted many Americans amongst her intimate friends, and her house at Manchester was visited by almost every American traveller who had letters from the New England literary community. On this account, as well as from the fact that she was in many ways a representative English writer of the highest class, I think you will like to know what little there is to tell of the authoress of "Mary Barton."

If you can pardon the paradox, I should say that the most remarkable feature about Mrs. Gaskell's life was that there was so singularly little to be said about it. Even in these days, when novel-writing is about the most lucrative of professions, women seldom become authoresses unless there is something exceptional about their lives. Most of our chief lady novelists have in some form or other strayed beyond the fold of commonplace existence before they began to write—have, in fact, life-dramas of their own. As far as I am aware, Mrs. Gaskell had none, except in as far as any human being has some sort of drama in which he or she has been the chief performer. Her early life was, I have heard, passed at Knutsford—the original of "Cranford." At the ordinary age that English girls marry, she married the Rev. William Gaskell, who has been for many years the minister of one of the chief Unitarian chapels in Manchester, and who was then, and is still, one of the most popular ministers in the Unitarian denomination. Americans, used to the tolerance which prevails amongst them with regard to religious differences, must find it difficult to understand the social penalties—if it is not too strong a word—adhering to the mere fact of not belonging to the Established Church in England. In the great manufacturing towns of the North, the Unitarians are an opulent and influential body, and Unitarianism has always been considered, I scarcely know why, the most genteel, or, more strictly speaking, the least ungentle, form of dissent in England. Still, as a matter of fact, the wealth and rank and intelligence and culture of English society are to be found amidst the members of the State Church; and if you do not belong to it you are placed socially at a disadvantage. This fact accounts, I think, to some extent for the length of time which elapsed before Mrs. Gaskell entered the field of literature. My impression is that she must have been close upon forty before she began to write, or, at any rate, to publish. It was in the year 1848 that she first came before the world. Some short time before she had lost her only son, and in order to distract her grief she took to writing. The result was "Mary Barton." The book was published anonymously, and I have been told that even members of her own family were ignorant of its authorship till long after it had made its appearance. The novel was a brilliant success. In

those days of 1848 and 1849—those *anni mirabiles* of Continental revolution—the working-man question has assumed an importance it has never quite attained to since. It is not my intention—God knows—to decry in any way the cause of labor; and it was the fact that the model working-man, the intelligent mechanic, was credited at that period with virtuous acquirements which calmer consideration has not led the public to endorse to the extent which was then fashionable. "Mary Barton" coincided exactly with the popular enthusiasm of the day. It was a plea for the operative as against the employer of labor, and as such it created an immense sensation. The cotton interest resented bitterly charges which they held to be ill-founded; and when it was discovered that the author of "Mary Barton" was a Manchester lady, the wife of a minister to whose congregation many of the chief mill-owners belonged, very great indignation was not only felt but expressed by the society in which Mrs. Gaskell had hitherto moved. In fact, she was very much in the position that I suppose a Southern clergyman's wife who had written an anti-slavery novel would have been in some years ago in America.

However, the popular success of "Mary Barton" must have more than compensated for the ill-feeling it created amidst the cottonocracy as the name of its author became known. Mrs. Gaskell found herself famous. Never, I think, was there a woman less injured by success, or who bore her honors more quietly and retiringly. I remember—at the time she first visited London as a successful authoress—an anecdote worth, perhaps, repeating now. She was seated at a dinner-party by Bulwer. In the course of conversation, she asked Sir Edward if he knew Manchester. "The only thing," was the baronet's answer, "that I ever knew about Manchester was that Mary Barton was born there." But in spite of her success, Mrs. Gaskell never entered much into literary society. Her visits to London were neither long nor frequent, and her home was with her family at Manchester, where she led, I fancy, rather a secluded life. She was a slow writer, and with the exception of some short stories and sketches which appeared in Dickens's "Household Words," she allowed four years to elapse from the publication of "Mary Barton" before she brought out her second novel. "Ruth" was comparatively a failure. In the first place, the star of Currer Bell had arisen meanwhile, and had somewhat eclipsed that of the authoress of "Mary Barton." And secondly, the subject-matter of "Ruth" was one with which Mrs. Gaskell was scarcely qualified to deal. It was her nature to resent bitterly injustice and wrong, and "Ruth" was intended to be a protest against the cruelty of our social laws towards fallen women. But the very purity and sensitiveness and refinement of Mrs. Gaskell's mind rendered it impossible for her to describe a Magdalene in her true colors. The element of passion was one above or below her grasp, as you choose to consider; and "Ruth's" fault was polished away to such minute dimensions that she had really nothing in common except her womanhood with the poor lost women whose wrongs Mrs. Gaskell sought to expose. "Ruth" was followed by "Cranford," and by "North and South," both which novels appeared originally in "Household Words." Clever as these novels were—perfect, indeed, as delineations of different phases of English life—they lacked, somehow, any central interest, and they did not do more than sustain the reputation of their authoress.

In 1857 Mrs. Gaskell brought out her life of Charlotte Brontë—the cleverest, in my judgment, of all her writings. The dreary life of Haworth, the chill, bleak moorland scenery, the strange, uncanny Brontë household, are brought before the reader with a dramatic power unequalled in any modern biography that I know of. Unfortunately, this book, which will unite the fame of Currer Bell with that of Mrs. Gaskell, was the cause of bitter trouble to its author. It was undertaken as a labor of love, and the biographer identified herself with the fortunes of the Brontës to an extent which obscured the calmness of her judgment. The proximate cause of the sort of Nemesis which overtook the Brontës was the misconduct of their only brother. Naturally enough, the sisters attributed his ruin not so much to his own wickedness and weakness as to an unfortunate *liaison* which he was supposed to have formed. Mrs. Gaskell, taking the Brontë view of the question, commented on the assumed depravity and falsehood of the lady in question in very strong terms. Friends of the lady took the matter up, and Mrs. Gaskell was forced to acknowledge that her statements were not borne out by the evidence at her command. The affair would have been unpleasant to any one, but the authoress of "Mary Barton" was too sensitive not to feel the annoyance to an almost morbid degree.

Some years, I should think, must have elapsed before she brought out her next novel, "Sylvia's Lovers." Here, too, the inability to comprehend, or at any rate depict, passion of the highest order marred the great beauty of the work. With the exception of "Mary Barton," none of her novels was so popular as "Wives and Daughters," which for the last year has been

publishing in the "Cornhill Magazine." I hear that it is not finished in MS., so that we shall never know the end of Molly's heart-aches and Cynthia's flirtations. Strangely enough, the last pages Mrs. Gaskell must well-nigh have written were those describing the sudden death of Osborne Kenley, and the trouble which befell the household. Within a few days her own house was to be in mourning for a death not less sudden.

Whenever the literary history of our time is written, one of its most curious features will be the extraordinary success of women as novelists. "If there is one thing," Lord Macaulay said, "about which mankind are honest, it is in the books they read." The circulation, therefore, of a book is a very fair estimate of the value placed upon it by the public. Judged by this test, the literary claims of our female novelists are indisputable. Currer Bell, Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Evans, Miss Braddon, Miss Young, and Mrs. Riddell stand in the very first rank of popular novelists. Amongst this company Mrs. Gaskell would hold a very high place indeed. In power of delineation, in the finish of her word-painting, in the grace of her style, she perhaps excelled any of her fellow-writers. Moreover, in these days when Carlyle and Ruskin have done so much to destroy the grand simplicity of English writing, it is no small praise to say that she wrote plain Saxon English.

In private life she was a bright, kindly English lady, as free from the affectations of authorship as if she had never written anything but a private letter in her life. I should fancy that as a young woman she must have been very handsome. Even late in life there was a very present beauty about her broad, high forehead, and her deep, wistful eyes, and her sweet, sad smile. For many long years she had always taken a deep interest in the question of American slavery; and, unlike many of the old anti-slavery party, she, though living in Manchester, never failed to express her strong sympathy for the cause of the North. One of her latest magazine papers was an article in "Macmillan's Magazine" on the death of Colonel Shaw. And those, I believe, who knew her best, loved her even more as a woman than they admired her as a writer.

THE UNSETTLED STATE OF EUROPE.

PARIS, November 3, 1865.

Two years ago Europe was looking towards America, and deplored, with a pity mixed with disdain, the unhappy events which, in her opinion, could only end in the final disruption of your republic. On your side all was anarchy, disorganization, and weakness; on her side, all was firm and solid. The momentary greatness of the American democracy was nothing but a castle built of cards, an artificial structure without foundation, which the wind of the first revolution would overturn. Our political Cassandras did not spare their gloomy prophecies, their interested advice, their profound counsels. But now all is changed; they seem like men awakened from a long slumber; they rub their eyes, and see you, with astonishment and envy, stronger than ever, more united, and, worst of all, better than ever, since you have thrown off slavery, which was your crime and their opportunity, your weakness and their strength. And, as they look around and condescend to choose a nearer field for the exercise of their sublime intellects, they see that everything in their own Europe is as uncertain as it seemed to be some time ago in America. Not that civil war is openly raging between the nations of the old continent, and that great armies meet on the old battle-fields of the Rhine, of Italy, and of Germany, but the political field is utterly confused; it seems as if some wicked hand had thrown into utter disorder the pieces of the chess-board, and tossed kings and bishops and knights into an inextricable heap. The "balance of power" is utterly lost, and so is the balance of the mind. In this Europe of the nineteenth century, which prides itself on its liberalism, the axioms and dogmas of Hobbes, of Machiavelli, of Julius Caesar, are reviving like forgotten phantoms. Between historical rights and popular rights, between legitimacies and nationalities, between Caesarism and democracy, the minds of men are lost, like a ship among breakers or contrary currents. Before I enter into any details and attempt to draw a picture of our political chaos, I will say at once that this extraordinary confusion arises from the fact that the establishment and triumph of the second French Empire has acted on Europe like a dissolving force. There is a permanent contradiction between the aims of the empire and its means. A system which intends to represent democracy and crushes the people under the weight of its despotism, which appeals to nationalities and nurses in its armies the love of war and of adventures, which pretends to be founded on universal suffrage and leaves only a nominal power to the representatives of the people, is, in fact, a living lie; it has corrupted public opinion in France, and the extraordinary triumphs of its policy abroad have finally corrupted public opinion all over Europe. The

spirit of the second of December, made up of fraud and violence, has conquered everything. The old votaries of liberty and of liberal institutions, the candid admirers of political sincerity, feel themselves humbled and forgotten; they are dead among the living. They are obliged to turn their eyes to America in order to satisfy themselves that a free people may exist, that Cæsars, Bonapartes, and Bismarks are not absolutely necessary to a nation, that diplomacy can be something else than a fraud. But with majorities, be they made of the people or of sovereigns, success is good conduct; the means are forgotten in the end; and after a time the means themselves are admired, even when they at first seemed wicked and fraudulent.

I believe in moral epidemics as much as I do in cholera or the plague. The contagion of that spirit which I cannot better characterize than by calling it the spirit of the Second of December has pervaded one nation after another. You may think me a monomaniac, but I have even at times discovered a trace of it in the secession of the South; the insurrection of the Southern States was planned by men of whom many had visited France at the time of the establishment of the empire. The movement of secession was nothing but a *coup d'état*, an attempt to overthrow an established constitution and to substitute might for right. But I will not follow this comparison too far, but go back to Europe. To-day I shall confine myself to Germany, as the German question is about to take on presently a prominent importance.

The condition of Austria is critical, even more so than that of Prussia; the last Italian war has left this ancient empire in a state which may well alarm its statesmen. They tried first, after the termination of the war which separated Lombardy from the empire, to enter on the path of constitutional government, in order to give some satisfaction to the numerous nationalities which compose the population of Austria. But in order to realize this progress, it was thought necessary to harmonize the laws of the country. Schmerling made it his object to create an Austrian parliament under the name of Reichsrath, and to destroy the municipal and provincial institutions, which he thought in opposition with his schemes of centralized government. Had his views been sincerely supported by the crown, had his new constitution been inspired by a spirit of real liberalism, it would, perhaps, have been possible to merge the numerous nationalities of Austria in a new nation—to substitute a feeling of unionism for the secular provincialism of the Germans, the Tchegues, the Hungarians, the Slavonic races; but this was not the case. The Emperor felt in a measure the necessity of a change, but he did not desire to leave too great a place to constitutional and liberal ideas; his instincts were at variance with his interest; in his court nothing but hatred and disdain was felt for these rising men, most of them of obscure rank and condition, who dreamt of introducing the habits of free government in a country which has always been subjected to despotism. Without the active and generous support of the executive power, it is not possible to impose constitutional government on a numerous and proud aristocracy. But this was not the only obstacle. Had all the nations of Austria cheerfully sent their representatives to the Reichsrath, it might have become a real and living parliament, though with great difficulty; but one nation stood aloof, and that nation happened to be one of the most important in the empire, not only by its numbers, but also by its traditions and its history. Hungary would not be represented in the Austrian parliament, and, if Hungary is not Austria, it may at least be said that Austria is not Austria without Hungary. The Magyars maintained that there was only, and could only be, what they called a *personal union* between their old kingdom and the empire; they were unwilling to change anything in their old constitution and to accept the changes forced momentarily upon them after their unsuccessful rebellion of 1848; Francis Joseph was nothing to them if he did not come among them to receive from the hands of their primate the crown of St. Stephen. They owed their loyalty to the King of Hungary, not to the Emperor of Austria. Many attempts were made to reconcile these historic theories with the necessities of the time and of parliamentary government; it would be idle to tell the long story of the negotiations of the party of centralization and of the party of the personal union. The resistance on the part of the Hungarian noblemen was due to their pride, to their hatred of constitutional government, and to their desire to oppress the secondary nationalities which had long been subjected to the Magyars; on the part of the followers of Kossuth it was owing to revolutionary ideas, to the hatred of the Hapsburgs, and to the desire of separating Hungary altogether from Austria.

In the face of such a unanimous hostility, the Reichsrath and the crown were powerless; the new parliament was like a man whose right arm has been cut. It was legislating for the empire without being composed of the representatives of the whole empire. The Emperor

did not begin with as much sorrow as the Austrian liberals the inanity of his first efforts made for introducing the parliamentary system into his empire. When these efforts were proved vain, he determined to throw himself on the side of the old Hungarian aristocracy. He was engaged to take this step by Bismark, when Austria became the ally of Prussia against Denmark. The object of Bismark was simple enough; he had a great desire not to see Austria become a constitutional power, and he knew that the Emperor would wound the ambitions and passions of Germany if he sacrificed to the Hungarian nationality the hopes of the German populations of his empire. The young Emperor did not appreciate fully the treacherous designs of his new ally; he believed in the promise which Bismark undoubtedly made to support him if Italy, aided or not by France, attempted to conquer Venetia. He did not, however, dare to suppress the constitution which he had himself given to his people; he merely suspended it, but this suspension is equivalent to its abolition. Every wish of the Hungarian magnates has been satisfied. Hungary is to preserve its historic rights, its complete autonomy, and even its despotic authority over the Slavonic populations which have so long been enslaved by the Magyars. The Croats, the Transylvanian Germans, the Hungarian Wallachs, are sacrificed in the new system which has bought up the loyalty of Hungary. The constitutional revolution which has just taken place, far from being a liberal revolution, is a reaction towards aristocratic and feudal ideas. The Emperor is now levying taxes without the consent and vote of a parliament, and he finds himself again in the place where his ancestors used to be; he may be cheered in Pesth by a crowd of magnates, but he has lost the confidence and affection of the most enlightened among his German subjects. The step which he has taken may not be a definite one; he may soon try a new policy. But these variations, these irresolutions, are perhaps the most alarming symptoms of the unsettled condition of his empire. Any system is better than no system. Austria seems to me like a patient who tries doctor after doctor, and medicine after medicine, and hastens in that way the fatal conclusion of an incurable disease. Incurable! The word is, perhaps, too severe; I have drawn a dark picture of the state of the empire, and I could have made it much darker, if I had spoken of its finances; but to give you the real expression of my thought, I must add, nevertheless, that there is in this old empire a strange and astonishing vitality, that it has often met with even greater dangers, that defeat and adversity seem to have no complete power over this singular country, made of so many distinct and even hostile nations; its position in the valley of the Danube, between the highly cultivated parts of Germany and the semi-barbarous nations of the Lower Danube and of Turkey, ensure to it an importance which the follies of its rulers and the faults of its government can hardly destroy. It is like a *trait d'union* between civilization and barbarism; between Christianity and Mohammedanism; the friends of progress ought not, therefore, to wish for its complete dismemberment and destruction; they ought rather to desire that the spirit of liberty should enter and pervade the old edifice, which has been erected during the Middle Ages. Looking at events from this point of view, I am not of those who applaud the actual triumphs of the Hungarian aristocracy. I regret that the Austrian Reichsrath should have been such a short-lived and impotent parliament; I believe that even German bureaucracy and pedantry is better than the domination of petty magnates, than the enslavement of the rural populations, than the disintegration of the empire, resolving itself in a hundred jealous little states, than the abdication of European culture before the Eastern culture. I still hope that the day may come when Austria, abandoning her last conquests in Italy, will throw all her energies in the direction of the Lower Danube, without losing its legitimate importance in Germany. But I hardly expect to see my wishes realized without great convulsions, without wars and revolutions. Nations, like men, seem unable to learn much by the experience of others, and often learn little from their own experience. Nothing but force could drive Austria from Lombardy, though every sensible Austrian felt that Austria was in Lombardy like a stranger, and could never win the loyalty of the Italian people. The strong quadrilateral of Verona and Mantua still defends Venetia against the legitimate hopes and ambitions of Italy, and nothing but force will drive the Austrian armies from the last parts of Italian soil which they defiantly preserve. To all the difficulties which are here presented, add those which arise from the confused state of the German confederation, from the intermeddling of Austria in the Danish affairs, from the dangers which may arise from the convention of Gastein signed between Austria and Prussia, and you must acknowledge that the position of Austria is far from being an enviable one and that their story forms a fit chapter of these studies of what I have called "the unsettled state of Europe."

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

THE bloodlessness of turnips is a fact undoubtedly established by science; but the kindred assumption, that diplomatic correspondence must be dry and juiceless, is one on which we have learned to look with misgiving, especially since we read Mr. Seward's report on Mexican affairs for 1860. It is a large volume of state papers, to which the student of contemporary history may turn for instruction concerning the French conquest of Mexico, and the foundation of Archduke Maximilian's imperial rocking-chair upon the volcanic ruins of the republic; but the report has also a lighter character, which opens upon the reader with the charm of surprise when he comes to the account given to Mr. Seward, by the Mexican Minister, of the dinner which the latter received last year from distinguished citizens of New York, in compliment to his personal and official qualities.

Señor Romero had cause (as what public man who has ever been reported has not cause?) to be dissatisfied with the newspaper histories of the dinner and its eloquence, and he prepared in Spanish a faithful relation of the whole affair, which he caused to be exactly done into English, and which he then sent to Mr. Seward. This relation embraces a narrative not only of the dinner in question, but also of a previous dinner given by Señor Romero to the eminent gentlemen who afterwards returned his compliment. In both cases full reports of the speeches are given, with brief notices of the character and position of the guests, and a statement of the places which they relatively occupied at the time, while the whole is concluded with a copy of the bill of fare, diplomatically subscribed "Delmonico." An exalted restaurateur is thus made to fill that high station in public affairs to which his talents entitle him, and his bill of fare assumes the dignity of a state paper. It is, of course, not possible to say that if Mr. Delmonico could have foreseen the distinction he was to achieve in Mexican affairs he would not have subscribed his bill of fare, addressing it to some personified general public, "I have the honor, sir, to renew to you the assurance of my distinguished consideration—Delmonico;" but we rejoice that the choice was not offered him of language alien to the national spirit, and that his name appears signed with a republican simplicity, "*Fruits et Dessert—Delmonico.*" We imagine that this fortunate accident must have consoled Mexican patriots fighting against the government forced upon their country, while it gave all Spanish-America a pledge that the representation of the principle of Spanish-American liberty was worthily entrusted in this country to a man who could dine at such a democratic restaurateur's. We hope it has also not been without effect in Europe. We figure to ourselves the dismay of courts not accustomed to the publication of bills of fare among state papers when they came to that august signature, "*Fruits et Dessert—Delmonico,*" and tried to evolve a meaning from the appearance of the bill among our public documents, and we suppose that the Emperor of the French, who, while in this country, had scarcely the means of making acquaintance with those costly birds, must have been greatly disturbed by the words "canvas-back ducks" among the *rotis*. That imperial Macchiavelli would suspect a more dangerous game than that which plainly appears to us under the name given, and, remembering Mr. Pickwick's declaration of love disguised in the phrase, "Chops and tomato-sauce," would shudder at the menace with which these canvas-back ducks might be stuffed.

But it is not in the reproduction of Mr. Delmonico's bill of fare that Señor Romero is most ingenious, that Mr. Seward is most amusing. The one eminent statesman furnishes to the other, in the biographical notices of his guests which we have already mentioned, a great deal that is useful for Spanish-Americans to know, and even more entertaining for us to read. Perhaps, also, there is instruction for us in all this; and the Secretary of State has, while he diverted, wished to teach us by what slight shades of misconception the alien mind produces a ludicrous image of that which is gravest and awfulest in our esteem. The French, who love to call Shakespeare the Divine Williams, and who always spoke of a certain English statesman as Sir Peel, have produced the same sort of flavorful absurdity which Señor Romero carries to such delightful excess in his relation. It is not a mistake, but something much droller than a mistake, when he describes Mr. Bancroft as enjoying "a well-deserved reputation as a literary man," and Mr. H. E. Pierrepont as a "protector of the fine arts," and belonging "to one of the oldest and most respectable Huguenot families." Hon. George Folsom is a "distinguished member of the Ethnological Society of New York, and consequently a noted philologist;" Mr. J. W. Hammersley is "of an ancient and notable family in this city," and though not a politician (because, singularly enough, of his "independent position"), "his heart is entirely American, and he considers that the absolute independence of this continent from the old is (as he eloquently expresses it) a principle filtered in the veins of every true son of Washington by the milk that he has drawn

from his mother's breast, a password and countersign, and a terrible monition to Europe!" It is on Mr. Bryant, however, that Señor Romero expends the wealth of his peculiar powers of characterization, and we cannot forbear presenting to our readers the reflex of our reverend poet in the admiring Spanish-American mind:

"Mr. William Cullen Bryant is a most respectable elderly person, great poet, eminent literary man, and one of the first editors of the press of this city. As a poet he has been a perfect prodigy of precocity and lengthened genius, to be compared only with Lope de Vega and Voltaire. When he was only nine years old he published his first verses, and at thirteen a regular poem, in connection with other beautiful compositions, was issued to the eyes of the world. He is now over seventy years of age, and has just given light to a new poem that has called forth the eulogy of the press, and in which his robust mental faculties have not deteriorated in the slightest degree. By the refined taste displayed in his compositions, he is considered as a poet of the most classical taste that this nation has hitherto produced. To the golden crown that girdles his venerable head may be added the respectability which Mr. Bryant enjoys for his knowledge, his well-trying probity, and his constancy in defending the most disinterested political opinions. In regard to these, Mr. Bryant belongs to the extreme portion of the Republican party, being, consequently, an abolitionist. Septuagenary as he is, he still preserves the moral and physical vigor of youth, and is ready to defend any cause that has for a foundation liberty and justice; he has also all the necessary activity to be even now chief editor of the New York *Evening Post.*"

It is, of course, not possible to know what may have been the Spanish of which Señor Romero says the foregoing is "a correct translation in the English language;" but we assure him that the English is very funny, and that it reads like the English of a Spaniard who had acquired fluency in our tongue from perusal of the newspapers. Señor Romero could scarcely have understood this, however, and it is difficult to comprehend why the Secretary of State, to whom all this was unofficially addressed, should have caused it to be printed in a public document. Señor Romero would have been amply protected from the mischief likely to attend his erroneously reported remarks by the publication of the remarks alone; and the condition of Republican Mexico is such that she can ill afford to have her representative laughed at to serve the end we have hinted. If the Secretary of State merely wished to make fun, why, there are the reports of our own ambassadors abroad, which are sometimes infinitely amusing.

Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE oldest literary property in England is now in the market. The proprietor of the venerable "Gentleman's Magazine," Mr. John Henry Parker, of Oxford, finding himself obliged to live in the south of Europe on account of ill health, announces that he is unable to give it the requisite degree of attention, and is willing to treat with a purchaser. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the associations connected with the name of "Sylvanus Urban," that it may fall into hands which will keep up its old renown. It is now one hundred and thirty-four years since Edward Cave sent out to the world, with considerable misgivings, No. 1 of his sixpenny pamphlet, whose destiny was to outlive all its contemporaries and the greater portion of the periodicals that have started since. It was founded on a basis of pure piracy, being mostly a selection from the papers of the day, with scarcely a word of original matter, as the motto, still to be read on the cover (of interest to Americans), "E Pluribus Unum," proclaims. The extraordinary success of this compilation led to its gradual improvement, to which the advice and co-operation of Dr. Johnson much contributed. In 1778, Mr. John Nichols, the celebrated literary antiquary, became connected with the magazine. Under his charge it assumed the decided turn for antiquarian subjects of all kinds—topographical, literary, historical, etc., that has ever since distinguished it. That fine scholar and genial writer, Rev. John Mitford, became editor about 1830, when a "New Series" was commenced. The most brilliant period of the magazine's existence was at this date, and for a few years subsequently. Many of Mr. Mitford's papers are extraordinary and attractive specimens of learning, fine taste, and vivacity, and would well bear republication in a separate form. About ten years since the veteran periodical became the property of Mr. Parker, the Oxford publisher. He is well known for his various books on Gothic architecture and kindred subjects, and has done more for the revival of those studies than any other non-professional man. The leading tastes of an editor are sure to be reflected in the works under his control, and the "Gentleman's Magazine" has of late been rather too exclusively devoted to architectural antiquities, so that it needs a new editor, such as Rev. A. Dyce or Mr. J. P. Collier, to restore the balance that should exist between literary and graphic antiquarianism. One of its most

valuable features has been kept up through more than a century with commendable care—its "Obituary," or biographical sketches of deceased persons. This makes the two hundred and twenty volumes that now form the set indispensable for every library of reference, and it is accordingly to be found in most of our public and large private collections.

—If ever there was a writer unsuited for the mass of the British public who patronize cheap literature at the railway book-stalls, we should say it was Dr. O. W. Holmes, and that the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" was the book they could least understand or sympathize with. Nevertheless, the accidents of literary proprietorship play strange freaks with books. The "Autocrat" now exemplifies both extremes of the booksellers' scale. Three or four rival twenty-five cent editions compete for purchasers from the million, while an embellished impression "with twenty-four illustrations engraved by Linton, from drawings by J. Gordon Thomas," is got up to attract the more select and the aristocratic classes. Dr. Holmes may well enjoy this unsought-for and genuine acknowledgment of the merits of his works.

—Contemporary with the French translation lately mentioned of "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," appears a fine English edition illustrated with a chromo-lithograph and numerous wood-cuts by Charles Keene, beautifully printed on an extra-toned paper, etc., so that Douglas Jerrold's *jeu d'esprit* may fairly be considered a classic. No other contribution to *Punch*, not even excepting Thackeray's "Book of Snobs" or "Jeames's Diary," has met with anything like the same success. Since the loss of John Leech, indeed, that paper has lost much of its old attraction, and its value as a property has seriously diminished. Some of Leech's best designs, which had been mostly lost sight of, are contained in a handsome volume just published, entitled "Follies of the Year." It is composed of the series of colored etchings made by Leech for the frontispieces of "Punch's Pocket-Books" for no less than twenty years, 1844 to 1864, with some explanatory notes by Shirley Brooks. The collecting of Cruikshank's etchings and wood-cuts has become a recognized pursuit in England; it is not difficult to foresee that every scrap and fragment from Leech's pencil will soon possess an equal or superior value.

—The new work by Algernon Charles Swinburne, "Chastelard: A Tragedy," is now in press from the sheets supplied in advance of publication, as per agreement, to Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. In what style the author of "Atalanta in Calydon," whose mind seems (to judge from that work) thoroughly saturated and interpenetrated with classical feeling, will treat a subject of more modern date and less remote interest, is a legitimate subject of curious enquiry for poetical students. The success of "Atalanta" will probably call the attention of our publishers to Mr. Swinburne's first publication, "The Queen Mother and Rosamond: Two Plays," as yet hardly known to American readers.

—The publishers of the Globe edition of "Shakespeare's Complete Works," Messrs. Macmillan & Co., announce with justifiable satisfaction that the sale already, within, we believe, less than a year, has exceeded fifty thousand copies, and they are now advancing steadily beyond that number. This is an extraordinary result to happen with a book that every reader was supposed already to be in possession of, and shows what an inexhaustible mine the first-class works of the world always present for intelligent enterprise. A good article, combined with a low price, will always attract purchasers, without any possibility of glutting the market. "The Globe Shakespeare" is carefully edited by the gentlemen engaged in the preparation of the Cambridge edition in eight vols. 8vo. The typography is clear and legible, though, we think, neither the type nor the size and shape of the book will compare with a one-volume Shakespeare published by Whittingham in 1830, now very scarce. The latter, however, was issued at one guinea, and the "Globe Shakespeare" at three-and-sixpence, which accounts in a great measure for the favorable reception it has met with. The "Globe Shakespeare" has not been reprinted in this country, but quantities of the English edition have been introduced with the names of American publishers on the title, and by a curious variation from former usage the selling price has been actually raised considerably above the current English rate, to adapt it to the present increased scale of charge for American books.

—The recognition of the rights of authors and artists implied in the passage of an international copyright law between England and France, is gradually bearing fruit in the increased relations between the literary men of the two countries, and the interchange of artistic works, as book illustrations, etc., which are made available for impressions in both languages. By arrangements of this nature the talents of Gustave Doré are becoming as familiarly known in England as in his native country. His designs would almost have defied the copyist, or, at all events, could not have been repro-

duced in that manner at anything like a remunerative price. Now, by stereotypes and duplicate impressions of the plates, they are issued with English text as regularly in London as in Paris. His illustrations to the Bible have cost the owners for designing and engraving nearly four hundred thousand francs. When an outlay of this magnitude can be divided and partly borne by a foreign house, the chances that really good works will be undertaken are much increased, and the arts receive an impulse accordingly. A beautifully illustrated book by M. Figuier has just been published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, "The World before the Deluge," translated from the French, with two hundred and twenty-five ideal landscapes of the ancient world, figures of animals, plants, fossil remains, etc. These are the identical illustrations of the Paris edition. Another elegant scientific book is now preparing on the same plan, "The Heavens, an Illustrated Hand-Book of Popular Astronomy," by Amédée Guillemin, edited by I. Norman Lockyer, imperial 8vo, with over two hundred chromo-lithographs and wood-cuts by M. Becquet, of Paris. These facts are worth noting, as showing the emollient effects of literature on traditional national hatreds and antipathies, now, happily, growing more and more obsolete every day.

—Another brother of the Kingsley family appears in literature, though in an entirely different department from those occupied by the Cambridge professor of history and his brother Henry, the novelist. Dr. G. H. Kingsley comes forward as editor of one of the forthcoming issues of "The Early English Text Society"—a reprint of Francis Thynne's strictures on Speght's edition of Chaucer, 1598, a curious specimen of Elizabethan philological criticism, entitled "Animadversions upon the Annotations and Corrections of some Imperfections of Impressions of Chaucer's Workes reprinted in 1598." The other parts furnished for the present year's guinea subscription by the society are "The Story of Genesis and Exodus," an early English MS. of about 1250 A.D., now first edited by Mr. R. Morris from the unique MS. in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; "Morte d'Arthur," from the Thornton MSS. preserved in the library of London cathedral; "The Romance of Merlin," from a MS. in the Public Library, Cambridge; and Sir David Lyndesay's "Monarchie," from the impression of 1552, an edition lately discovered of this work of the Scottish poet, six years earlier than any previously known to exist.

—Two of the most distinguished authors of France, already famous in other walks of literature, M. Thiers and M. Henri Taine, are making their *début* as writers on art. The first volume of a "History of Art," by M. Thiers, is just about to appear, and great expectations are raised concerning it from the well-known general "*habileté*" of the author on every subject that he discusses. It is now said that M. Thiers began his literary career as an art critic, and that his mode of treating art matters marked a new era in journalism. M. Taine's work is already published, and, under the title "Philosophie de l'Art," contains the substance of his inaugural lectures as professor of the School of Fine Arts at Paris. In it he inculcates the idea that the philosophical study of art is no longer to be pursued by itself, apart from the other departments of human knowledge, and that the business of philosophy in relation to art is no more to frame axioms and definitions, but to point out natural effects and laws, testing its different manifestations by their sympathies for nature and humanity, and rejecting nothing as low or ignoble that harmonizes with their feelings.

—The scanty musical literature of England has been much enriched lately by new publications, which, though chiefly translations from the German, show that an interest in the cultivation of the science is gradually increasing, and with it the number of purchasers for books on the subject. It is curious that while the unpromising period of the last century gave birth to two such standard and voluminous works as the "Histories of Music" by Dr. Burney and Sir John Hawkins—one in four and the other in five volumes quarto—the succeeding seventy-five years should be almost barren in the production of any books of importance for the musical library. It is only with the recent attempts to introduce music in the course of educational studies, and to encourage its practice among the people, that the literature of the science has shown signs of increasing in bulk and value. During the late English publishing season have appeared Carl Engel's work on "The Music of the most Ancient Nations," an elaborate and exhaustive book, showing great archaeological and scientific research; "Lectures on the Transitional Period of Musical History," by John Hullah, in continuation of his former series on the origin and early growth of music during the Middle Ages; "Furioso, or Passages from the Life of Ludwig von Beethoven," from the German; "The Autobiography of Louis Spohr," the composer and violinist; Dr. Schlutter's "History of Music," translated from the German by Mrs. R. Tubbs; and "The Letters of W. A. Mozart, 1769-1791," translated from the collection of Louis Nohl by Lady Wallace. As a fresh contribution

to the history of this born musician, who, in a short life of thirty-five years, enriched his science with works that grow in value and estimation with every succeeding generation, they are of great interest to many besides mere musicians, and give further testimony to, without explaining, the wonderful youthful precocity that in him was not followed by its usual accompaniment of disappointment and decay in maturity. The most valuable general book of reference on musical history and biography, the "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens et Bibliographie Générale de la Musique" of M. Fétis, is just completed in the new and enlarged edition of MM. Didot, forming eight volumes octavo.

—The annual trade sale of Mr. Murray, at which, after an excellent dinner at the Albion Tavern, his publications are offered to the representatives of the London booksellers there assembled at a slightly reduced rate in order to offer a temptation for liberal purchases, has just taken place. The results are considered significant of a lively demand for new and standard books; and as an index of the comparative taste of the public, a notice of the number of some of the principal works offered is worth making. 4,800 copies were sold of Dr. Livingstone's forthcoming "Narrative of his Expedition to the Zambesi River;" 600 of Fergusson's "History of Architecture," Volume I., an enlarged edition of his "Handbook of Architecture," beautifully illustrated; 3,700 of Dean Stanley's second volume of "Lectures on the Jewish Church;" 700 of Bertram's "Harvest of the Sea," a new book on fish and fishing; 8,000 copies of Dr. Smith's "Bible Dictionary Condensed," in one volume, published at one guinea; 500 of Dean Milman's "Translations from the Great Dramatists;" 1,800 Smiles's "Lives of Boulton and Watt," forming Volume IV. of his "Lives of the Engineers;" 600 of Rev. George Rawlinson's "Babylonia and Medea," the new volume of his "History of the Five Great Empires of Asia;" 500 of the "Student's Blackstone," and 1,500 of the "Student's Manual of Sacred History"—two new volumes of the series, the previously published volumes of which ("Student's Greece, Rome, France, etc.") sold to the extent of 10,200 copies; 200 of Grote's "History of Greece" was considered a fair sale for a book of that magnitude, while 9,000 of Mr. Markham's histories were disposed of, and 8,000 of "Little Arthur's History of England;" 1,200 copies of Hallam's works, and 1,000 of Lord Byron's Poems, show the permanence of standard authors. The amount of the entire sale was about thirty-five thousand pounds.

—Among the large number of authors returned to the new Parliament who will give a literary tone to the deliberations of the collective wisdom of the nation is Mr. Torrens McCullagh, whose "Lectures on the Use and Study of History," "Industrial History of Free Nations" (two vols. 8vo, 1846), "Memoirs of Richard Lalor Sheil" (two vols., 1855), "and more recent "Life of Sir James Graham," show the acquirements of a practised writer and sound thinker upon political and historical questions. Mr. Torrens McCullagh was brought up to the bar, but has never sought for general practice. He has been a member of the Government Commission of Enquiry on Irish Pauperism, and took an active part in alleviating the distress caused by the famine in Ireland. He stood, by invitation of the electors, for the important metropolitan borough of Finsbury, and was triumphantly returned; a fact that testifies to the improved intelligence of the community since the time when to be known in literature was dangerous to the aspirations of a statesman.

—Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. will add to their list of valuable publications illustrative of American history, during the present season, some important books, including "The Life and Times of Joseph Warren," by Richard Frothingham; "Life and Public Services of Samuel Adams," with his correspondence, etc., by William V. Wells, in three vols. 8vo; "History of the Life and Times of James Madison," by Wm. A. Rives, the second and concluding volume; and "Orations and Speeches on Various Occasions" by Edward Everett, Volume IV., and last.

—An interesting volume for antiquarians may be looked for in a book announced by Mr. Hotten, of Piccadilly, "Hone's Scrap-Book," a supplementary volume to the "Every-Day Book," the "Year Book," and the "Table Book," from the MSS. of the late William Hone, with upwards of 150 engravings of curious or eccentric objects, thick 8vo, 800 pp. If this work answers the description, it will be well received by all who, from familiarity with his "Every-Day-Book," etc., are aware of the services rendered by Hone, through every discouragement of poverty, privation, and sickness, to the knowledge of old English customs, manners, traditions, etc., from which our acquaintance with the past derives its most vivid coloring. In this capacity the value of his works was recognized by Southey and other historians. Early copies of the "Every-Day Book" and its companions, with choice impressions of the cuts, are scarce, and now bring a high price, though the profits of their publication were insufficient to keep the author out of a

debtor's prison. Mr. Hotten, who announces the book, has brought out some curious and valuable books, and is following them up in a line peculiar to himself, as the following titles from his list of books in press will show: "History of Sign-Boards from the Earliest Times to the Present Day, with Anecdotes of Famous Taverns and Remarkable Characters," with 100 illustrations; "Puniana, or the Piccadilly Riddle Book," an entirely new collection—illustrated by 100 exquisitely fanciful conceits from the pencil of the editor, Hon. Hugh Rowley; "The Choicest Jests of English Wits, from the Ruder Jokes of the Ancient Jesters to the Refined and Impromptu Witticisms of Theodore Hook and Douglas Jerrold, including the Cream of Joe Miller, comprising the best Sayings, facetious and merry, which have contributed to give to the country the name of Merry England"—edited by W. Moy Thomas, and uniform with the "Choicest Humorous Anecdotes and Short Stories in the English Language," "Choicest Humorous Poetry," and "Choicest Epigrams," each in one volume.

—"Kent's Commentary on International Law Revised, with Notes and Cases brought down to the Present Time," edited by J. T. Abdy, LL.D., is announced for publication by Messrs. Deighton, Bell & Co., of Cambridge. The letters of "Historicus" have drawn general attention to this portion of Chancellor Kent's commentaries. It is recommended by the author, Mr. Harcourt, as the most authoritative work on the subject, and having no equal in any European book.

THE HESSIANS OF THE REVOLUTION.*

THE number of mercenaries furnished by German princelets to the British Government in the War of our Independence was 29,166,† of whom no less than 17,313 returned to their native country. The other 11,853 fell in battle or succumbed to the diseases incident to a soldier's life in a strange and variable climate. The loss by desertion was entirely inappreciable; the "call of duty" bound the German of the eighteenth century with a spell of which the American of the nineteenth can form no conception. An army, kidnapped in part from among the lowest dregs of the population, and pitted against a people with whom they had never had a thought of quarrel, fought with heroic courage, and endured the sufferings of a protracted captivity, without even seriously entertaining the idea of seeking safety and freedom in flight from its oppressors.

The idea that the progeny of these Hessians constitutes any considerable portion of the population of this country is unfounded. Introduced as a mechanical force, they were withdrawn in the same manner, and left no impression behind them. Their fortunes enlist the attention of the student of German rather than of American history, as an episode bringing into full relief the political and social condition of Central Europe to an extent which would otherwise have remained unnoticed, if not unknown. It is because these bondmen depleted the English Exchequer to the amount of £6,096,857 5s. 11½d.‡ that they provoke enquiry; and it is because of that handsome little item—representing in absolute value more than twice its amount at the present day—only £4,306,743 7s. 3d. flowed into the army-chests, and £1,790,113 15s. 8½d., or nearly three-tenths, swelled the revenues and, for all practical purposes, the privy purses of the illustrious sovereigns who had impressed them, that the investigation becomes instructive.

Of the entire contingent 16,992 were subjects, native or kidnapped, of the Landgrave of Hesse; the rest were supplied in various proportions by the Duke of Brunswick, the hereditary Prince of Hesse-Hanau, the Margrave of Anspach, the Prince of Waldeck, and the Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, potentates distinguished from the mob of their peers and colleagues chiefly by their parts in this transaction.

Charles I. of Brunswick (1735-1780) had managed to involve his principality of 150,000 inhabitants, sadly wasted and worn in the Seven Years' War, and incapable of yielding a revenue of more than a million and a half, in a debt of twelve millions of thalers, which his efforts to make gold had not availed to discharge. He paid a salary of thirty thousand thalers to his opera manager, Nicolini, and another of three hundred to his librarian, Lessing, then the foremost light of German literature. He had found it necessary to check his own extravagance by placing his treasury under the custody of his heir-apparent Ferdinand (duke from 1780 to 1806), a man of some ability and with a tendency to avarice. Father and son looked upon the British proposal as a godsend, and signed a treaty in forty-eight hours after the opening of negotiations. The men were promptly stolen and delivered; but shoes, stockings, and overcoats, not obtainable on the same

* "Der Soldatenhandel deutscher Fürsten nach Amerika (1775-1783). Von Friedrich Kapp." Berlin: Franz Duncker. 1864. 8vo, pp. 380.

† Exclusive of 2,365 Hanoverian infantry.

‡ Including £509,000 16s. 11½d. paid the troops from Hanover.

terms, had to be procured, as well as a new set of uniforms, with English funds at Portsmouth. On the transports the recruits were packed six in a bed, and their pillows are compared, in the military report, to pin-cushions. They revenged themselves on their sovereign by being taken prisoners at Saratoga, thereby not only diminishing his chances of extraordinary compensation on the death or maiming of any of them, but also keeping him in mortal fear of their being exchanged and sent back to their native country, in which case their recitals would necessarily have destroyed the chances of further recruiting. The supplications of his minister to avert such a calamity are heart-rending. There is not another instance on record of such a display of energy by a German government in behalf of its subjects abroad.

The Landgrave of Hesse, Frederic II. (1760 to 1785), differed from the prince in being rich and powerful. His forefathers had kidnapped and traded in soldiers for a hundred years. The business, in his hands, was systematized and productive. Cassel, his capital, gloried in palaces and public buildings, erected with the funds thus realized, and his court was a colony of Versailles. He had imported the cast-off mistress of the Duc de Bouillon, and paid her a salary of forty thousand thalers. He refused to see any of his legitimate children for twenty-nine years because their mother had left him on his embracing Catholicism. Yet he left sixty millions of thalers in ready money, at his death, the earnings of his subjects under the flags of foreign countries. The Seven Years' War had swept away the youth of his dominions; scarcely had a recovery set in, when one-twentieth of the entire population was sent to America. More experienced in these negotiations and less pinched for money than any of his illustrious competitors, he succeeded in making far more favorable terms with his English customers.

The hereditary prince of this monarchy administered the government of the county of Hanau as a sort of appanage. He had the avarice and the licentiousness of his father, coupled with a detestation of anything that even bore the appearance of refinement. Of his innumerable illegitimate children, two have achieved a dismal notoriety as the brothers Haynau. Twenty-two others were born of a Miss Schlottheim, his avowed mistress, all, as she is particular to state in her memoirs, "without love." She at first fled to elude his advances, but was captured and delivered up to him by her own parents. A lady of Cassel who related this circumstance in conversation, and found that it excited some disgust, observed that it would have been out of the question for the Hessian gentry to have allowed such an advantage to escape them. It was this gentry which afterwards encircled the throne of Jerome Napoleon.

Of Prince William's English epistolary style, the following specimen has become immortal:

HANAU, 1 May, 1776.

TO THE EARL OF SUFFOLK:

MY LORD: The luck I have had to be able to show in some manner my utmost respect and gratitude to the best of kings, by offering my troops to his majesty's service, gives me a very agreeable opportunity of thanking you, my lord, for all your kindness and friendship to me upon that occasion, and begging your pardon for all the trouble I may have provided you in this regard.

My only wishes are that all the officers and soldiers of my regiment, now to his majesty's orders, may be animated of the same respectful attachment and utmost zeal I shall ever bear for the king, my generous protector and magnanimous support. May the end they shall fight for answer to the king's upper contentment; and your laudable endeavors, my lord, be granted by the most happiest issue. The continuation of your friendship to me, Sir, which I desire very much, assures your goodness and protection to my troops. I ask in their names this favor from you, and hope they will deserve it.

Excuse me, Sir, if I am not strong enough in the English language for to explain as I should the utmost consideration and sincere esteem with which I am for ever, my lord, your most humble and very obedient servant,

WILLIAM, H. P. of Hesse.

None of these potentates, however, have so varied a personal history as Christian Frederic Charles Alexander, the last of the margraves of Anspach and Baireuth, whose father, Charles Frederic William, a good shot, had once, for the diversion of his mistress, and at her suggestion, brought down a chimney-sweep from the top of a house with his rifle, afterwards indemnifying the widow with a donation of five florins. On another occasion the same monarch, having commissioned a Jew to procure certain diamonds to be presented to the King of England, discovered, after the present was made, that Bohemian glass had been fraudulently inserted in place of the jewels. The Jew was immediately dragged to the capital, and handed over to the executioner, who tied him to a chair, and drew the sword of justice. In his agony the unfortunate man jumped up, and ran around a long table with the chair tied to his back, crying out piteously for only a moment's audience with the landgrave; but the executioner was too practised a hand to be foiled in that way; reaching across the table he struck the blow with unerr-

ing accuracy, and Jew, chair, and head tumbled in a heap upon the floor. Nor was this rigor by any means exercised upon Jews exclusively. Counts and colonels are known to have been executed, while the reasons for which they suffered were never mentioned. Christopher William von Rauber, accused of having ridiculed the government in print, was sentenced to slap himself on the mouth, to burn his pasquill, and then to be beheaded; the last clause of the sentence was mercifully commuted to life-long imprisonment, but all his property was confiscated. A Hungarian who had shot the margrave's orderly was broken on the wheel. A Prussian soldier's wife, who had induced a private of the margrave's body-guard to desert, was hung, and the Prussian recruiting officer, who had been arrested at the same time, imprisoned. The deserter himself was too valuable a piece of property to be damaged. A citizen of Gunzenhausen, doing duty as sentry, so ill versed in military etiquette as to obey the personal command of the margrave to hand him his musket, was tied to a horse's tail and dragged through a pond, and died a few days after. A gamekeeper, who had the charge of the margravial hounds, was accused by backbiters of neglecting them. The sovereign rode up to his door, called him out of his house, and shot him down.

The wife of this great man had insisted on sending her son to study at the republican university of Utrecht. Having completed these studies, he had made the tour of Italy, but returned with a constitution greatly shattered by vicious indulgences, for which his august father immediately wreaked condign vengeance upon his tutor, a privy councillor of state, and cast him into prison; whether he remained there, or whether he was beheaded, rumors are conflicting. Perhaps in consequence of his semi-republican education he so far departed from the traditions of the family as to admit ladies who were not of noble birth to his court; but it was on condition that they should never utter a word in their mother tongue, a stipulation which the ladies from Paris exacted as due to them. Being at this moment in debt some five millions of thalers, he received the British emissary with open arms, and made all haste to furnish his contingent. The transaction has obtained a place in German classical literature, from at least an allusion to it in Schiller's play of "Kabale und Liebe,"—"Love and Intrigue." He introduces the margrave's avowed mistress, Lady Milford, whose real name was Lady Craven, as the only person of condition in all the land who is alive to the tyranny of the proceeding. Learning that the diamonds which the prince sends her were bought with the blood-money obtained for these recruits, she rejects them with disdain. "My sons are among them, too," says the lackey who brings them. "Not by compulsion, I hope?" enquires the lady. "O dear, no!" he answers; "all volunteers. Two or three jackanapes stepped out of the ranks and asked the colonel what he took for a joke of men? But our gracious sovereign had them shot in the presence of all the regiments. Their brains spurted over the paving-stones, and we all shouted, 'Ho for America!' Then the drums beat, and off they went, orphans howling after their hiring fathers, and mothers telling their husbands to run bayonets through their children, and bride and groom hewn asunder with sabres, and aged crones throwing their crutches after their departing sons."

All this is founded on fact. The Anspach troops mutinied while on the way down the river Main in boats, and might have robbed the margrave of all his vested rights in their flesh and blood had he not ridden night and day to overtake them, and overawed them, partly by the grandeur of his presence and partly by means of his double-barrelled rifle, with which he posted himself on one of the boats, and accompanied the transport to the Netherlands. "At the sight of His Serene Highness," says a contemporary newspaper, "the good soldier shed tears of joy, and took up his march in patience." But the hussars of the Bishop of Würzburg were also called in to keep up the effect.

Frederic Augustus, the last of the princes of Anhalt-Zerbst (1747-1793), reigned over 20,000 subjects, among whom, ever since 1716, the deaths had exceeded the births. Brother of the Empress Catharine of Russia, he was a caricature not only of monarchs in general, but even of the little monarchs of Germany. His hatred of Frederic the Great, his near neighbor, was such that in 1763 he took a final leave of his dominions, and spent the rest of his life at Basle and Luxembourg. After frequently admonishing his subjects not to violate the sanctity of his retreat with petitions for the redress of grievances, he put up a placard expressly forbidding such impertinences. His life was cut short by the execution of Louis XVI.; on hearing of that calamity, he steadfastly refused all nourishment, and expired in a few weeks. His troops were accepted by the English only at his urgent solicitation. Some of his French letters are even more curious than the English ones of the hereditary Prince of Hesse-Hanau. "Four brothers in Dessau," he writes to an English diplomatist, "had six hundred hounds in common, all

quartered upon the citizens. A fine garrison! And at the first crack of the whip they assembled like soldiers at the beat of the drum. Whew! If we could make the Americans scamper like these hounds! But that will require troops?" He even offers the King of England "two frigates and two sloops of war, which will be found indispensable—1, to keep up the communication with the Anhalt troops; 2, to convey reinforcements; and 3, to enlarge the British navy."

There were also negotiations with the rulers of Württemberg, Bavaria, Hesse-Darmstadt, and Saxe-Hildburghausen, but they came to nothing, either because the troops, after having been promised, were found never to have been in existence, or because the reputation of the particular principality was such as to deter the English; or, in the case of Darmstadt, because the sovereign was so fond of seeing his soldiers on parade that he would not part with them.

Such are some of the features of the gloomy chapter of German history which our author has given to the world in the pages we have been citing. "Humiliating as is the reflection," he says to his German readers, "the story must be written; for the wounds then struck have left their scars upon the present generation. The crime here denounced, so far from being expiated, is repeated even at this day wherever a people are compelled to shed their blood and lavish their treasure in a cause which is not their own. The causes which produced it are still at work; the destruction of Germany into a heap of petty despotisms is as ripe as ever. The grandfathers of our present princes sold the corpses of their subjects to the English King for fifty-one thalers and fifteen silver groschen a-piece; their sons, the heroes of the 'Rheinbund,' became kings by the grace of a Corsican attorney's son, and sold him the flower of the country's youth to fight his battles on the Moskwa and the Guadalquivir. The grandsons still occupy the same thrones, and alternately seek the protection of Austrian, French, or Russian bayonets as the bids rise and fall. The miseries of such a system must be renounced at any price."

As to Mr. Kapp's work itself, a further introduction is not needed. His "Life of Steuben," "Life of Kalb," and "History of Slavery in the United States," have made his name the all-sufficient passport with all who read for the purpose of increasing the range of their information. Mere amusement is not his aim. Instead of encumbering with valueless anecdotes the records of subjects already over-written, he loves to rescue from oblivion what would else be lost, to cast new light into dark places, to correct traditional opinions by facts newly discovered, or never yet brought into connection with them, and to bring the lessons of the past to bear upon the stern realities of the present. His readers are so much the less numerous, but the influence of his pen on the minds of men is the greater. Every one of his publications might well bear for its motto the remark of Goethe: "The man meant to do more than write a book."

BUCHANAN'S TESTAMENT.*

THE Administration of "the late President," as Mr. Buchanan chooses to style himself, had the misfortune to overlap two rebellions, identical in principle and significance, having a common fate, and differing only in magnitude. More properly, the Kansas struggle was to the grander one just concluded what a skirmish in reconnaissance is to the decisive battle between main forces. It was a portion of the same campaign, and while developing the irrepressible conflict and the hostile parties, also foreshadowed distinctly the victory. It is Mr. Buchanan's self-appointed task to inform his countrymen how, "whilst in the exercise of Executive functions he never violated any of the provisions of the Constitution," he yet contributed what he could to the overthrow of constitutional government as embodied in the legitimate rule of the majority; how one who is opposed to slavery in the abstract, and pronounces it a social evil and a political evil, played into the hands of a conspiracy for the forcible domination of the slave power over every acre of the national soil.

A survey of the antecedents of the rebellion, from the beginning of the anti-slavery agitation in 1832-33, is designed merely to introduce the circumstances in which Mr. Buchanan was called to the Presidency; and his defence begins with Kansas and Lecompton. Up to 1854, when the South and the Democratic party at the North united in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the slave States, in our author's judgment, had been the assailed, more sinned against than sinning. Wrongful as was this measure, its success, corroborated by the Dred Scott decision, silenced every scruple in the breast of the new President, and when he had reviewed the theatre of territorial strife, he at once resolved to support the pro-slavery pretensions

of right, and to see in the civil warfare in Kansas only the attempt of a disloyal faction to defy the laws of the nation. To this decision, indeed, he clung and still clings as to a mast, not caring to endorse that portion of it which strips the negro of all human rights (yet not repudiating it), but affirming its correctness in regard to the protection of every sort of property in the common Territories of the United States. Never was policy more logical than that determined by these two guides—an infamous breach of political faith, and a decision as void of legality as it was of heart and conscience. The frauds and atrocities of border-ruffianism were backed up by the military resources of the Administration, and the victims of Missouri invasions coolly pilloried as being "unwilling to trust to the ballot-box—the certain American remedy for the redress of all grievances." Is it necessary to examine further the arguments of a man who thus belies the record—who looks at a flagrant, violent revolt against the ballot-box from one side, and immediately charges it upon the opposite—who receives the forged and throws out the honest suffrages—who has caresses for Lecompton and bayonets for Topeka?

The period between the two uprisings of the South was spent by Mr. Buchanan in a state of mingled apprehension and astonishment. The Kansas question had been settled; the President and the rebels were nominally victorious, the North actually. The Territory had been saved to freedom on an issue involving the public lands, but the principles of the Government concerning slave property in that and all other Territories had triumphed in the approval by Congress of the Lecompton Constitution. Mr. Buchanan was prepared to witness an end of agitation. He had been disappointed by the failure of the compromises of 1850 to allay the violence of fanaticism. He was absolutely amazed that the Dred Scott decision was oil equally wasted. His heart sank within him when John Brown went to Harper's Ferry; and when the Charleston Convention divided, he fell straightway to prophesying the opening of the sixth seal—he saw blood, and he began to make for peace. He did not hold the doctrine of the secessionists, nor did he believe that Congress had power to coerce a State; the individuals which compose it he thought might be constrained to obey the Federal statutes. The regular army was weak, and distributed where it was needed, along the Indian frontier. He made it weaker by proclaiming his fears in his message of December 3, 1860, and pointing out the helplessness of the Government. He was resolved to execute the laws, but equally resolved not to call for volunteers unless specially empowered by Congress. He implies that President Lincoln's action was extra, though perhaps not anti-constitutional, and justifiable only from the exigencies of the case. Despairing of regiments, he bethought him of compromise—an old weapon with which he and other statesmen had often sought, with bitter ill-success, to keep the peace; yet he would give it one more trial. He asked for amendments to the Constitution by which the Dred Scott decision, the Fugitive Slave Law, and an express recognition of the existence and sanctity of slavery in the States, should be incorporated in that instrument. It was a very trifling request; not more than that the late election should be annulled; not more than to surrender the gains of civilization over barbarism in the painful encounter of thirty years; not more than to annihilate the value and stability of all elections by placing them at the mercy of a bullying minority. The President had discharged his duty when he had opened to the North this way to peace; but he has never ceased wondering why his proposition was despised. Mr. Crittenden's resolution was the next and the last opportunity afforded for a general agreement, provided the North was willing to abate its prejudices. Mr. Buchanan is to this day profoundly mortified at the unaccountable perverseness of the free States in this particular also. He will probably die in the conviction that, had they consented to the resolution, there would have been no further dispute. So efficacious had been the several compromises in which he had shared!

He had now done his best to stimulate the activity of the conspirators by showing his personal readiness to toss them any sop which should shut their terrible jaws. A peacemaker all his life, except for one abnormal hour at Ostend, the little of a policy that was left him in the last days of his Administration was still to postpone the dread necessity of war. He complains that Congress deserted him, refusing to vote him supplies or troops; but he had previously deserted himself, following his courage, which had taken early flight. When Anderson had crossed from Moultrie to Sumter, he heard of it with chagrin, and would have ordered him back and restored the *status quo* if it had turned out that the major had been needlessly alarmed for the safety of his command! That would have been a merry Christmas gift to the nascent rebellion, which fortunately soon made clear the discretion of Major Anderson. From that moment up to the 4th of March, 1861, the President was like a loose sail flapping with every breath of conciliation and peace. He allowed himself to be bound by an unwarranted armistice

* "Mr. Buchanan's Administration on the Eve of the Rebellion." D. Appleton & Co., New York.

which the South Carolinians obtained of the fortress, and then to be put off by the commission sent to make impossible demands of him in order to gain time for their political and military arrangements. He had planned to send the *Brooklyn* instead of the *Star of the West* to reinforce the garrison of Sumter, and attributes the consequent miscarriage of the expedition to Gen. Scott.

It is not our object to enter into the long discussion between "the late Lieutenant-General" and "the late President." We are disposed to allow that neither the latter nor the War Secretary, Mr. Holt, ever pledged the faith of the Government to abstain from executing the laws of the land, by force if necessary, in the seceded States. This would, indeed, have been to violate provisions of the Constitution. Grant that Mr. Buchanan is not culpable. The blot on the close of his Administration consists in the imbecility of which his book is an ingenuous autobiography. He has written an apology for weakness without a suspicion that a tool may be as mischievous as a tyrant, and, if unprincipled, as blameworthy. Mr. Buchanan may be called a venerable man, and it is likely that this is his last intrusion upon the public notice, but he has written for himself an epitaph under which few men of this generation would care to lie. His voice, he impresses upon us, in the protracted difference between North and South, has been consistently raised for tranquillity and peace. But what tranquillity and what a peace! No moral sacrifice was too great, no human right too sacred, no democratic principle too fundamental, to stand in the way of that delusive quiet for which he compromised them all. With the same pious suavity he urges the right of slaveholders to take their property wherever they please, and deprecates the blasphemy of the John Brown song. For him there is no law superior to the Constitution; anything, which looks beyond, above, is fanaticism; yet he would have amended it in the interest of cruelty and oppression, and his latest breath is a rebuke of his countrymen for having preferred the ordeal of battle to a corrupt submission to the encroachments of a giant iniquity.

It is bad enough when despotism writes its memoirs; the Old World manfully protests against it. But here is compromise in self-defence; and Atheism is worse than Caesarism.

OUTCROPPINGS.*

WE have read (somewhat to our own surprise, we confess) nearly all there is in this little book, which came to us so pleasantly printed, with such a quaint outside of German quarto, and with each poem in it so daintily set with engravings of flowers and fruit that we could not help giving it a friendly attention, and should now be glad to have found it much worthier perusal than we did. There are four or five genuine poems in the volume, and the remaining selections are rhymes which might interest the observer of this age's fatal facility of making verses. A great and unerring genius has winnowed the poetical vocabulary of base diction, and has enriched it with such opulence of expression, that any contemporary lady or gentleman of ordinary education and warmth of feeling may sit down, after the perusal of Tennyson, and make much better verses than Doctor Johnson did, with all the lumber of antiquity at hand to supply him the material for his wooden effusions. If these facile geniuses lived long, we should find poetry worse than the plagues of Egypt, and the poets would infest all the dough-troughs (except their own empty ones) in the land. Happily, however, these myriad immortals are usually carried off by business, by marriage, and by subsidence of the spring-tide of youth, before they have time to pipe more than half-a-dozen songs, and then their immortality lies folded away in old newspapers till some one comes to make a collection of it.

As California has been peopled by the average culture and talent of the older States, and has yet had no time to develop a peculiar character of life and thought, there is no reason why the present collection of California verse should be different from a collection of Ohio verse or New England verse. At any rate, it is not; and these California poets rarely make mention of her climate and scenery; but sing, with an exile's fondness, of the seasons and landscapes known to us of the eastern shore of the continent. The fervor of California suns is palpable only in the erotic nature of some of the verse, which is often sweet and tender, and at times almost original. "Cupid Kissed Me" and "In the Pouts," by Ina D. Coolbrith, have a slight pathos and saucy charm quite their own; while "The Mother's Grief," by the same poet, is veritable and fine. One day the baby plays at the door, and tries to clutch the sunbeam on the threshold; and the next day the mother weeps as the sunbeam falls on the baby's bed:

"I weep to see its shining band
Reach, with a fond endeavor,

* "Outcroppings: Being Selections of California Verse," A. Roman & Co., San Francisco; W. J. Widdleton, New York.

To where the little restless hands
Are crossed in rest for ever."

Miss Coolbrith is one of the *real* poets among the many poetic masqueraders in the volume; Emilie Lawson is another; and Mr. C. H. Webb is, half another. "Das Meermädchen" is a genuine ballad, and is marred by none of the prosaic lapses not to be noted without smiles and sadness in his other poems. "The Omen," by H. C. B., is also the fair expression of a true feeling. J. F. Bowman has three poems in the selection, one of which is a translation. The other two are both good; one, indeed, is so good that we must copy it:

THE WHOLE STORY.

When Jones was sixteen, he was bent
On one day being President.

At twenty-five, Jones thought that he
Content as District Judge would be.

At thirty, he was much elated
When Mayor of Frogtown nominated.

But bootless all the nomination—
His rival Tompkins graced the station.

At forty-five, his dreams had fled;
Hope and Ambition both were dead.

When from his toils he found release,
He died—a Justice of the Peace.

O youthful heart, so high and bold,
Thus is *thy* brief, sad story told!

MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.

THE "Atlantic" opens with the first chapter of Charles Reade's new story, "Griffith Gaunt," in which the reader feels such a flush of pleasure as follows the rise of the curtain upon the beginning of a good play. There is already matter of vividest drama introduced, and in the characters of Kate Peyton, the proud, irresolute woman, with her delicious possibilities of coquetry; of Griffith Gaunt, the jealous, faithful, and unwise lover; and of George Neville, brilliant, audacious, and generous, the author has wrought a spell that will hold his readers to the end. Those who remember Mr. Reade's successful dealings with the past in "The Cloister and the Hearth" and in "Peg Woffington," will rejoice that his story is of people who lived at least a hundred years ago. George Neville's wooing is an admirable study of the gallant love-making of that gay time as you may find it in the pleasant, wicked comedies.—We find the translation of "The Parting of Hector and Andromache," which Mr. Bryant has made from Homer, so simply and gracefully done that we think it a pity the venerable poet should not do the whole epic into English. Longfellow will give us the Dante which shall supersede all other versions; why should not Mr. Bryant perform for literature the like office with "the Ionian father of the rest?"—"William Blackwood" is another of Mr. Neal's garrulous papers about the early part of his literary career.—Mrs. Stowe's "Chimney-Corner" discourse is this month devoted to discussion of the question why house-keeping forms no part of woman's education.—We like Mr. Taylor's poem, "The Sleeper," for its tranquil and lofty feeling, but it seems to us needlessly long and rather labored. Still, it is the best poem which the "Atlantic" has printed for some time; has fine thoughts and touches of delicate beauty.—As for the other two poems of the number, they have no fault except that of not being poems: "Beyond" is prose, and "Dios te de" is nothing whatever, and adds the offence of affecting to convey a moral.—Every one will read with sympathy Charles Dickens's tenderly sketched outline of the life and character of Adelaide Anne Procter.—The other articles are: "The Forge, II.," "Clemency and Common Sense," by Charles Sumner; "Dr. Johns," by Donald G. Mitchell; "Books for our Children," by Samuel Osgood; and "King James the First," by Gail Hamilton. The last, we suppose, must have been written for Messrs. Ticknor & Fields's "Young Folks' Magazine," and made up into the "Atlantic" by one of those errors which are not the less mortifying because quite unavoidable, at times, in large establishments. After the blunder was committed there seems to have been an effort made to qualify the puerility of the paper by inserting some passages from Gail Hamilton's "Spasm of Sense," in which the spasmist rebukes sick people for begetting children, and longs for a time when such wickedness shall come, like theft and murder, to be considered "a sin against God, a crime against the state." We have not given the subject great thought, but the only way out of the trouble seems to be to expose all sickly infants at the birth, or to begin with the error of God himself, who gives sick persons much the same affections and desires which he bestows upon well ones.

The half-baked quality of much of our American performance is curiously illustrated in "The Eclectic Magazine" for the present month. This peri-

odical is merely a judicious selection from the English monthlies and quarterlies, but it occasionally contains an original paper from the pen of the editor. The number before us has one of these papers, "A Sketch of the Kremlin of Moscow," it is called, and should have been entitled: "A Composition—subject, The Kremlin of Moscow." The way the editor came to visit Moscow was this: "'Have you seen Moscow?' said Prince Gortschakoff to us at St. Petersburg. 'Not yet, sir, Prince.' 'Oh, you must go and see Moscow! You do not see Russia unless you see Moscow,' he added with marked enthusiasm." So this friend of princes went to Moscow, and saw those wonders of the Kremlin which he describes, and among which was the famous golden and jewelled Bible. "We had previously enquired," says the editor in a fine philosophical spirit, "of one of the Moscow pastors how many New Testaments in modern Russ he would need to supply the destitute in that city; he answered fifty thousand copies. We thought," he adds, continuing his shrewd reflection, "how many such Testaments the gold and jewels of this one Bible would pay for!" In another part of the Kremlin he saw a palace built by the Emperor Nicholas. "In this palace he learned his sons the art of war in handling the musket," says our ill-taught traveller, but cannot stop to describe its splendors. Taking leave of the city, he relates how, when Napoleon's army first beheld it, "The loud exclamation, Moscow, Moscow! ran along the extended ranks. We could not avoid the same exclamation, Moscow, Moscow! from very admiration of the beautiful capital city of Russia." The climax is singularly thrilling, but the writer spoils it by adding something else, and concluding with a sentiment, as from Peter Parley, that it is worth a long journey to see Moscow. The editor of the "Eclectic" has lived a long time among the roses, no doubt, but he is not a rose, and will not be in a thousand years, probably. Men of his small literature would scarcely aspire to write in any other country but this, and we are sorry that it has so long been safe for them to do it here. The facts and ideas in his sketch of the Kremlin are no more ordered than apples in a barrel, and we doubt the right of a man to print it even in his own magazine. Some regard is due to the national literary reputation, even from the sovereign plenitude of editorial power.

The December number of "Our Young Folks" is, no doubt, very charming, though we find the reading of juvenile literature rather a heavy task, and have spared ourselves all but a glance through this little people's magazine. The quality of the publication seems to be good and wholesome, without noticeable cant or quackery, from which children's books are sometimes no freer than those meant for men and women.

The opening review in the "Christian Examiner" is cordial applause of Mr. Mill's recent criticism of the Hamiltonian philosophy. The reviewer regards the demolition of the Scotch metaphysician as so complete that he confesses to a feeling of something like mortification in having esteemed Sir William so great a philosopher, and owns to a present doubt whether he was a philosopher at all, in the noble sense of the word. The second article does not make a great deal of Palgrave's "Arabia," though the book is evidently one on which a charming article could have been written. The third review is of Dr. Newman's "Apologia," in which the writer sketches the great convert's spiritual history, as he finds it in his own relation, and concludes with the opinion that Dr. Newman was logical and conscientious in going to Rome, "if, as he took for granted, man is so constituted that he never can attain to any knowledge of the truth, and yet cannot be saved in any other way than by a knowledge of the truth." Of course, the reviewer himself does not hold these premises, but he declares that they are "exactly those which are accepted by the whole of Christendom, unless, as some believe, Christendom is large enough to take in Theists and Transcendentalists." Somebody has performed for Mr. Parkman's "Pioneers of France in the New World" the office already described as done for Palgrave's "Arabia"—though in both cases the poor result seems attributable rather to a feeling of haste and a sense of confinement to certain limits of space than to want of appreciation or ability. Besides these articles there is one on English colleges and schools, in review of the books by Mr. Everett and Mr. Atkinson. The "Review of Current Literature" is good and honest and attractive. We understand that the publication of the "Examiner" is to be removed from Boston to this city, with Dr. Bellows as local editor.

The editor of "Harper's Magazine" celebrates the commencement of its thirty-second volume with an interesting sketch of its history and its manufacture from month to month. It is quite worth while to know something about making a magazine of such importance to our literature, and Mr. Guernsey tells us a great deal without telling us too much. We have to praise his paper for treating the subject with clearness, and for enlivening to an unexpected degree its statistical features as well as its unavoidable descriptions of machinery, scarcely less tedious, intrinsically, than facts and figures. The article is really a valuable contribution to useful knowledge,

for, apart from its special historical merit, it acquaints the reader with all the modern inventions and processes of book-making adopted in our large printing and publishing houses, and no doubt brought to the greatest perfection in that of Harper & Bros.—We can scarcely judge of the worth of Mr. J. R. Hamilton's article on "The Natural Wealth of Virginia," but the subject is one of present interest, now that the South is to be partly repopled from the industrious North and Northern enterprise is turning to the development of her resources.—"The Royal Portraits" is the title of a poem by W. D. Howells.—"First and Last: A Retrospect," is a just-as-was-to-be-expected story by Louise Chandler Moulton, and well enough written.—Mr. De Vere, in the "Names of Men," seizes a topic in which all men (except the Snookses, possibly) are interested, and treats it pleasantly and intelligently.—"Sally's Disappointment" is very flat, indeed.—The two poems, "Aspirations" and "Death," by Caroline Seymour, are, as we have understood, the work of a young girl who has not yet reached her sixteenth year, and they must be regarded rather in the light of promise than performance. Without, of course, teaching anything new, they seem to be the graceful expressions of a veritable poetic power.—"A Village in Massachusetts" is a very lively essay on Boston traits, with just that spice of injustice and that shadow of exaggeration which we love to have in talk about our neighbors. We imagine that Bostonians themselves will rather like it, for there is a tacit compliment in the fact (scarcely predicable of any other American city) that Boston traits are sufficiently marked for recognition and criticism; and then, the writer says nothing in dispute of the Bostonian supremacy in culture. Indeed, it would be scarcely worth while to dispute the fact that nearly all that is worth living in American literature has come from Boston; or that with the present generation Boston's intellectual primacy will pass from her for ever.

Cenni Storici sugli Stati Uniti d'America per S. Frenfanelli Cibo.—When the bibliography of the war for the Union is fully recorded, not the least curious and suggestive emanations of the press, inspired thereby, will be the contributions of foreign scholars, in comparatively out-of-the-way places, towards the enlightenment of their neighbors on the "American question." Not only have eminent publicists in France, like Laboulaye and Gasparin, and Englishmen of letters, like Goldwin Smith, exercised their pens in defence of truth and right, but less known persons in Italy and Germany, moved by affection for our country and interest in the cause of freedom, have written with intelligence and feeling of the prominent facts and tendencies of American history. Some of our readers doubtless remember with pleasure an accomplished young Italian who was quite a favorite in New York society just before the outbreak of the rebellion. Seraphino Frenfanelli Cibo was known also in literary circles for the graceful translations he made into his native tongue of several poems by American writers, among which we recall one by Bryant and one by Mrs. Howe. The brother of this gentleman having married a lady of this city, he became an *habitué* of many cultivated households, and acquired facility both in writing and speaking the English language. Frenfanelli is a native of Foligno, in the Roman States. Travellers in Italy will recall this picturesque town, which is one of the halting-places between Florence and Rome. His father for many years was mayor of the little city; and the son, last autumn, became a candidate for the Italian Parliament from the same province. Cherishing a delightful remembrance of his sojourn in the United States, and finding his countrymen, in a great measure, ignorant of the antecedent facts and true significance of the great struggle, he prepared a brief but luminous summary of the principal events in our history, and described the real questions at issue and the vital interests at stake. This handsomely printed little volume, issued in October last, in that far-away and little-frequented town among the hills on the road to Rome, seems to us a most pleasing tribute—the spontaneous and intelligent offering of one who, during a brief sojourn, learned to love the institutions and appreciate the destiny of this country. Although containing little over one hundred pages, it concentrates the essential facts with lucid order and emphatic logic. In the appendix is a statistical table made up from the census, a geographical illustration of slavery as it existed before the war, and extracts from the Constitution and Washington's Farewell Address. No Italian of average intelligence can read this modest *brochure* without deriving therefrom a very authentic and distinct idea of the course, character, and issues of American history, from colonial times to the present year. With the exception of Prof. Botta's excellent letters to *L'Opinione*, of Turin, descriptive of our educational system and the events of the war, we know of no source of information in the Italian language more correct and seasonable than this book, which is dedicated by the author to one of his New York friends.

West Virginia: Its Farms and Forests, Mines and Oil Wells, etc. By J. R. Dodge, of the United States Department of Agriculture. (J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.)—This hand-book professes to give but a partial and cursory idea of a State which, while forming part of the Old Dominion, was either neglected by the dominant eastern section, or remembered only to be subjected to unequal representation and taxation, and, consequently, figured little in industrial statistics and reports. The author has devoted his leisure moments to researches among documents and men, and derived a very exalted opinion of the resources of the new-born commonwealth. He finds her soil, climate, and scenery unsurpassed—the last almost unrivalled—in America. Agriculture in all its branches obtains a rich return. Stock-

raising and wool-growing are also highly profitable. Her mineral stores are incalculable. Iron and salt abound, with coal-fields as available as extensive, and petroleum wells notorious for their numbers and yield. The eleven closing chapters are devoted to a pretty thorough discussion of the last-mentioned product, including, besides a description of the oil districts, and the methods of boring, etc., a list of the companies actually in operation, as far as could be ascertained. A good map would greatly have enhanced the value of the book.

The brief historical sketch of the erection of West Virginia into a State gives no hint of the questionable constitutionality of that procedure. It says that, "on the 13th of May (1862), the Legislature of Virginia gave its consent to the formation of a new State within the jurisdiction of Virginia." Of course the "Virginia" Legislature referred to is the rump that met at Alexandria, and regarded Governor Peirpoint as the rightful magistrate, while Letcher played the usurper at Richmond. This fiction was not without its convenience in the case of West Virginia, but has entailed much political confusion upon us now that the rebellion is over.

Miscellanies from the Collected Writings of Edward Irving. (Alexander Strahan, London and New York. 1865.)—Considered absolutely, Edward Irving was a very different man from Theodore Parker, and yet relatively to their respective churches and positions the course of these two men was much the same. It would be difficult to say which was the greater heretic or which the stouter and more resolute defender of his thought, or which of them received the harder treatment in the name of Christ and Christianity. But this handsome volume symbolizes other qualities which they enjoyed in common. Its relation to Irving's genius is the same as that of Parker's "Lessons from the World of Matter and of Man" to his genius. It will surprise many persons that from the writings of these men a collection of thoughts has been made so universal in its character. From these collections it will appear that their negatives were the smallest part of them, that the wonder of them was their stalwart faith in God and every great reality. It would never be guessed from these miscellanies that Irving was fanatical in any of his views. And it is very strange that nowhere does his fanaticism leave a mark upon his style, which is always wonderfully pure and noble, much nobler and purer than was Parker's, in whose nature there was not a shred or sign of the fanatic. The Messrs. Strahan have given us another eminently religious book. It is this in spite of one part called theological, for the same spirit breathes through that also. It contains passages that we should like to print, because of their great strength, or tenderness, or beauty, and among them are these: Pharisaism (p. 81), The Four Offices of Friendship (p. 133), Prosperous Preachers (p. 140), Sunshine Christians (p. 324), Idolatry of the Bible (p. 358).

Songs of Praise and Poems of Devotion in the Christian Centuries. With an Introduction by Henry Coppée. (E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.)—The nucleus of this collection is Neale's "Hymns of the Eastern Church," consisting of versions from the Greek and Latin fathers. To these the editor has added others, chiefly modern, and largely from the present century, including several of his own. A rigid taste—and, in criticizing devotional poetry, what taste can be too rigid?—would pronounce against the admission of much that Prof. Coppée has approved, and all the more because of the vastness of the field of choice. Surely there is no such dearth of lofty strains as to justify, even as "padding," the insertion of Tupper's "Hymn for All Nations," though it had the honor to be sung at the great exhibition in London, in 1851, and "translated into thirty languages in upwards of fifty versions." This, we admit, is the very worst instance of mistaken judgment that we can charge the compiler with, yet it is evident that the strength of his discrimination must be estimated by his weakest selection, and that the value of a work like the present consists rather in its freedom from defects—in its symmetry—than in the abundance of its excellences. The reader of "Songs of Praise" will not lack for noble nourishment, but he will occasionally meet with very indifferent fare. The same inequality is observable in the engravings, and forbids our complete endorsement of the very high estimate which the preface sets upon the holiday comeliness of the volume, which in other respects is honorable to the publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ELLEN VINCENT AND THE BLANK SHEET. From the Religious Tract Society, London. Henry Hoyt, Boston.

HUMOROUS POEMS. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. [Companion Poets for the People.] Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THE TRIP OF THE STEAMER OCEANUS TO FORT SUMTER AND CHARLESTON, S. C. By a Committee Appointed by the Passengers of the *Oceanus*. Brooklyn. 1865.

THE ORDEAL FOR WIVES. By the Author of "The Morals of Mayfair." American News Company, New York.

A SUMMER IN SKYE. By Alexander Smith. Ticknor & Fields, Boston; B. H. Ticknor, New York.

DE VANE. A Story of Plebeians and Patricians. By Hon. Henry W. Hilliard. Bledlock & Co., New York.

LIFE AND MILITARY CAREER OF MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN. By Rev. P. C. Headley.—LIFE AND NAVAL CAREER OF VICE-ADMIRAL DAVID GLASCOE FARRAGUT. By the same. William H. Appleton, New York.

GLIMPSES OF HISTORY. By George M. Towle. William V. Spencer, Boston.

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS, HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND PICTORIAL. By Benson J. Lossing. New Edition. W. A. Townsend, New York.

THE BUSH-RANGERS. By William H. Thomas.—THE YANKEE MIDDY; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A NAVAL OFFICER. By Oliver Optic.—DOTTY DIMPLE. FAIRY BOOK. [Little Prudy Series.] By Sophie May. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE SPIRIT OF HARPER'S FERRY. A Poem for the Times. By William W. H. Curdy. Bland, Meyers & Woodbury, Indianapolis.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.—THREE KINGS OF THE ORIENT. A Christmas Carol. By John H. Hopkins, Jr., M.A., D.D.—CINDERELLA: PUSS IN BOOTS: BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. With Original Illustrations by H. L. Stephens.—HYMNS IN PROSE FOR CHILDREN. By Mrs. Barbauld. Illustrated.—THE WATER LILY. By Harriet Myrtle. With Twenty Illustrations by Hablot K. Browne.—PICCOLA. By X. B. Saintine.—ON THE FERRY-BOAT. By Jennie Harrison.—THE CYCLOPEDIA OF BIOGRAPHY. By Farke Godwin. New Edition. With a Supplement, brought down to the Present Time, by George Sheppard. Hurd & Houghton, New York.

MITCHELL'S NEW REFERENCE ATLAS. For the Use of Colleges, Libraries, Families, and Counting-Houses.—THE AMERICAN ANGLER'S BOOK. By Thaddeus Norris. New Edition, with a Supplement. E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia; Sampson Low, Son & Co.; James Miller, New York.

Fine Arts.

THE EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY EUROPEAN ARTISTS.

A COLLECTION of about a hundred and fifty pictures by French, Flemish, and English painters is now on exhibition at the "Studio Building," 15 Tenth Street. There was a small gathering of artists and friends of art at the gallery on Thursday evening last. The galleries were tolerably well lighted, and so few persons were present that the pictures could be easily looked at and all seen that gas-light will show. But it is well that the pictures are not to be shown by gas-light again. The usual "private view," to which ladies as well as gentlemen are invited, was held on Saturday last at the unusual hour of from one to five in the afternoon, instead of in the evening. The title-page of the catalogue announces that the exhibition will be open daily from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon. This is a new fashion for New York. The custom has been to have everything in the way of an art exhibition open in the evening—in the day-time also, if convenient, but, at all events, in the evening! Now it is simply absurd to look at a work of color by gas-light, for pleasure, for profit, or for judgment of its merits. If the object of an exhibition be to make money, and the public be ignorant of what pictures are, and desire to view them of an evening, let the public be gratified, by all means, and the treasury filled. But it ought to be well understood that pictures in full color are wholly invisible by gas-light. And so we are very grateful to the managers of this exhibition for promising to shut their doors every day at nightfall.

As the collection was shown on Thursday evening, it and the catalogue did not perfectly agree. According to the latter, there are one hundred and seventy-one pictures, by ninety-seven painters; but several of those enumerated were not to be found upon the walls. Want of room is the sufficient reason. But it is to be hoped that some room in the building can be secured to receive the outcasts, for one at least among them is of considerable importance.

We offer no analysis and no criticism of any picture here. The lessons to be learned from these pictures, or any of them, are matters for future careful consideration. It is possible that a few words might be written which would be useful to persons visiting the exhibition, and which would also serve to introduce it, as representative of European art, to those who will not see it but still care to hear about pictures. But, after all, we have not space to speak of every artist or of every noticeable picture, and must defer all detailed comment.

The committee in charge of this enterprise, and especially the more active members of it, whom we take to be Mr. Gambart and Mr. Knoedler, together with the secretary, Mr. Pilgeram, are entitled to the thanks of the community. The little peeps into the comparative daylight of Europe which we, in our darkness, get by the kindness of Mr. Knoedler and Mr. Avery, are of the greatest use to all of us, artists and laics together. This is a broader field of vision, and we are allowed a longer look at it. We are in the position of the traditional and perhaps mythical person whose business announcement has descended to our time, "The smallest favors thankfully received—and larger ones in proportion." We received very thankfully such favors as looks at Leys's "Wandering Minstrels," Tissot's "Margaret," Gérôme's "Prayer in the Desert" and "Almée," the dozen or more delightful pictures by Edouard Frère, those by Williams and De Jonghe, and others. This last favor is certainly, by comparison, a large one, and we are grateful, we think, in proportion.

But we deem it right to call attention to the fact that this exhibition is no more truly representative of European art than are the single pictures or the accidental concurrences of two or three pictures which are often given us. In fact, a single first-rate picture is more nearly representative of the school or period of art to which it belongs than a collection of inferior ones can be. Now, it would be, perhaps, inaccurate to call this a collection of inferior pictures, although in so qualifying it we should use the word inferior in its proper relative sense; but it is true that there are no first-rate pictures in it, if we except the Gérôme (No. 59, "Muezzin calling the Hour of

Prayer—Evening, Cairo”), and it is true that some great painters are poorly represented, while some of the greatest painters are not represented at all. *Per contra*, some painters whom we hardly call great send us better work than has been seen of theirs before, so far as we know, in America; and some of the younger artists are now for the first time represented here. There is no doubt of the value of the exhibition which for the first time introduces to Americans such painters as Heilbuth, Köller, Alma-Tadema, and Dillens. And it is with no small pleasure that we greet so attractive a Willemas as No. 170; so remarkable a Meissonier as No. 102; four pictures by Edouard Frère; two by Baron Leys (a third is catalogued, but not hung); and four by Plassan. But, we repeat, there are no first-rate pictures, unless the Gérôme be such; some great painters, as Gérôme, Leys, Millais, are but poorly represented, and some of the greatest painters, both French and English, are unrepresented.

We must, therefore, go to the galleries to learn what we can from single pictures, guarding ourselves carefully from the danger of too general conclusions about other art than our own, keeping ourselves from judging men or schools by too few and not uniformly well chosen examples of their practice. There is a great deal more good to be got out of the collection than we shall any of us get out of it; but we must be careful not to rate too highly its importance or its standard of excellence as regards modern art.

MUSIC.

“L’AFRICAINNE.”

A YEAR had passed after Meyerbeer's death when, after long preparation, “L’Africaine” was produced at Paris. Scribe, the author of the libretto, had died three years before. Few operas could arise from such a double grave. This, however, has won a triumph over death, thanks to the careful superintendence of M. Fétis, who left all his other duties to devote himself to the revival of this master-piece of his friend. But if the author could have lived it would have been much more perfect; he only knew how to alter and revise. What he did in such cases we can tell when we remember that he wrote the celebrated duo in “Les Huguenots” during the rehearsals, and inserted it at the last moment.

“L’Africaine,” though last completed, was not the last begun of Meyerbeer's works. It was first written as long ago as 1839. “Robert le Diable” appeared in 1831; “Les Huguenots” was given in 1836. The director of the opera at Paris was eager for another work. Meyerbeer had two in his hands, “Le Prophète” and “L’Africaine,” but, though besieged for each alternately, refused to give them up. “Le Prophète” was finally represented in 1849. During the rehearsals of this opera, influenced by the criticism of a friend, he sent the libretto of “L’Africaine” back to Scribe, and it was entirely re-written. Originally, the story was only about some *Fernando* or other, loved by two women, a white and a black, ending in the death of the black under the upas tree, while seeing him sail off with her rival. To the passion of love was added in the new version the thirst for fame, and the authors connected it with the story of a famous man, Vasco di Gama, and with one of the greatest geographical discoveries, that of the Cape of Good Hope.

The revised libretto was returned to Meyerbeer in 1852, and the partition was finally finished in 1860. The old manuscripts, which are preserved, show that it was greatly improved.

In order to connect Vasco di Gama with the plot as first sketched out Scribe was obliged to sacrifice a little the truth of history, and make Vasco, whose life was one continued success, experience trials more like those of Columbus than of any one else. In fact, the character of Vasco, as drawn by Scribe and colored by Meyerbeer, is a tissue of contradictions. That an intense and absorbing eagerness in the pursuit of one object in life should so repeatedly give way to love is hardly probable, nor that the second love should so completely for a time eradicate the first. Musically the character is better; but that of *Selika*, the African queen, is much finer and is more harmoniously drawn. *Nelusco*, too, stands out a fine conception, while some of the minor personages, as the *Grand Inquisitor* and the *High Priest of Brama*, are musical types, never previously given, of great originality and power.

The plot is almost ridiculous. Scribe has not shown his usual skill in it. He and Meyerbeer were very well suited to one another, as their long collaboration shows. Scribe was not like Meyerbeer in character as he was like *Auber*; but he was a skilful worker, and could appreciate and make the most of the composer's ideas. His operas, all of them, are a mere groundwork of effective situations, which were filled up by the composer. This is more the case here than in any of Meyerbeer's other grand operas, of whose success Scribe is often considered the author. Here the play is a drag upon the music rather than an aid to it.

The partition is the opera here, and the hearing and reading of it show us that “L’Africaine” is one of the finest works of the composer, and instantly ranks on a level with his best. Time may put it at the head of them all, and make it the crowning glory of his life. The work commences with a fine introduction, worked up from two themes of the opera, one occurring in the romance of *Inez* in the first act—an air which recurs several times—and the other in the septuor at the end of the second act. Meyerbeer has never written a satisfactory overture, and this is a mere prelude, played principally by the wind instruments, which leads easily to the romance of *Inez*, a remembrance of the farewell of *Vasco di Gama* when he sailed on the expedition from which he has not yet returned. This is graceful and melodious, and contains a fragment of a waltz. A *terzett* follows, of an elevated and restrained style. We learn from these that *Inez* is in love with *di Gama*, but is forced by her father to marry *Don Pedro*, one of the king's council, who informs her of the death of her old lover. This is all at Lisbon, in the royal council chamber, which is speedily filled with the councillors, who come in to a march with a pointed rhythm, of a kind much liked by Meyerbeer, and of which his works offer many examples. The grand inquisitor and the other clergy invoke heaven in a hymn of great majesty and power, better suited to the occasion than if more devotional. This grand phrase is repeated several times in the finale, and each time with greater effect. The council is called to debate the question of sending a new expedition of discovery to the south, where the fleet of *Diaz* has just been lost. The discussion is hardly begun when *Vasco di Gama* is introduced, he being the only one of the fleet who had escaped alive. He tells, in a calm, dignified recitative, the story of the disaster, and asks for a new fleet, claiming, as his share of the expected returns, immortality alone. He introduces two slaves, *Selika* and *Nelusco*, to confirm his statements. They are haughtily reserved, and refuse to answer. The council consult, and reject the project of *Vasco* as mad. He is indignant, and insults them in return; for which he is condemned to perpetual imprisonment. This gives rise to a fine quatuor with a chorus, and to a splendid malediction, sung by the bishops in unison. This whole finale, with the enthusiastic declamation of *Vasco*, the bizarre music introducing the captives, the deliberations of the council, at first calm and grave, then excited and warm, the passions being only quieted by a repetition of the hymn, and the final burst of passion, all marked by continually varying rhythm and keys, is one of the finest pieces in all Meyerbeer's works. The celebrated fourth act of “Les Huguenots,” with the benediction of the daggers, is the only thing that can be compared with it.

The second act lessens in musical as well as dramatic interest. *Vasco* is asleep in prison. *Selika* watches over him, and sings a delightful Indian melody accompanied with gentle tinklings of the triangle, producing a very pleasing effect. *Nelusco*, jealous of *Vasco*, in an air of classic turn, and perhaps too regular for a savage, declares his intention of killing him to save the honor of his queen, and is only prevented by *Selika* awakening *Vasco*. Then follows a duet of some beauty, but of doubtful character, the subject being the elucidation of a geographical question. *Inez* comes to liberate *Vasco*, and, in a septett, quite delicately accompanied, *Vasco* learns that he is deprived by *Don Pedro* at once of his bride and of his fame. He has his revenge, however, by *Pedro's* acceptance of *Nelusco* as his pilot. This finale is noticeable for the way in which the voices are allowed to die away without the usual crescendo accompaniment.

The third act finds us on board ship on the ocean. This ship is a fine specimen of stage carpentry, though the celebrated manœuvre is here almost nothing. The great objection to it is that it takes so long to prepare and remove it, with so little result either dramatically or musically. We could have wished that the mast were prolonged to its full height and that it did not stop short behind the sail. A chorus of women at the beginning of the act is cut out, as well as a duett and septett. The best part of it is the fine sailors' chorus, “*Su, su, marinari*,” followed by the prayer, “*O gran San Domenico*,” introduced by the tolling of the bell, and sung by a double chorus. The interest of the act centres on the few phrases without accompaniment with which *Nelusco* commands the course of the ship to be changed. The ballad of “*Adamastor*” is odd, with an accompaniment of violins played on with the wood of the bows, but is out of place, and shows a yielding in Meyerbeer to the demands of French taste, which requires a ballad in every opera. *Vasco*, who has followed in a ship of his own, boards the vessel, informs *Don Pedro* of *Nelusco's* treachery, but too late. The vessel grounds, and is attacked by savages, who, with strange incorrectness, are armed with tomahawks, and dance over the decks and murder the crew.

All operas have one great act. In both “The Prophet” and “The Huguenots” the fourth is the best. In this, too, the fourth is the best, but it is

almost equalled by the first and the fifth. We have now reached the country of which *Selika* is queen, wherever it may be. In the original it was Madagascar, in this version it is Hindostan; at all events it is some mythical place sufficiently near Africa to give the name to the opera, and like enough India to have the religion of Brahma. The whole fourth act is a new revelation. It is as far from the first act in character as the religion of India is from that of the Inquisition. The music is strange, weird, and oriental. Dances of a novel character introduce it, and an Indian march, which is almost a dance, till reinforced by a brass band on the stage. Different groups enter, priests, warriors, dancing girls, Brahmins, and each is characterized by the music. It swells to a tremendous outburst at the approach of the queen. *Selika* is then crowned and recognized by her subjects. We regret the omission here of two very beautiful choruses. *Vasco* here approaches, enchanted by the beauty of the country. The andantino with which he comes in is a marvel of orchestration. A very delicate melody on the clarinet detaches itself from the murmur of flutes and violins, with occasional responses of the cymbals, but the remainder of the air is not equal to this movement. He is about to be slain when *Selika* saves him by declaring him her husband, a statement which she makes *Nelusco* reluctantly confirm in a passage of tender beauty. The grand Brahmin unites them according to the Indian rites, and they are left alone. Here follows a duet, in many respects equal to that between *Raoul* and *Valentine*, or *Jean* and *Fides*. It is love, this time the passionate love of a savage, and the momentary enthusiasm produced by a potion, which dies away when the voice of *Inez*, singing his farewell song, is heard in the distance.

Of the fifth act we have only two scenes, a duet between *Selika* and *Inez*, somewhat similar in character to that between *Norma* and *Adalgisa*, but far surpassing it in beauty, and remarkable particularly for one phrase: "E per tanto ei t'ama ancor." The impression produced by this deepens at every hearing. *Selika* gives up *Vasco* and sends him away with *Inez*, and resolves to die. For this purpose she goes under the upas-tree, takes her last look at the retreating vessel, and sinks into a stupor. Introducing this is one of the most remarkable passages of the whole work. It consists of only sixteen bars, but in unison. In unison absolutely, for no octaves are used, and the different sets of stringed instruments, supported by two bassoons, play the same air, ranging only over eleven notes. The melody is remarkable, the sound is loud but absolutely pure. The quality is very beautiful, being at times almost like the human voice. The effect is strange, and the audience are silent and affected.

We have no space to speak of the manner of the performance last Friday night, except to say that few operas have ever been given here with so great regard to scenic effect, and with so great propriety and correctness. The singing was at times weak, but that we hope will be cured in subsequent representations.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NATION OFFICE, Monday Morning,
Dec. 4, 1865.

THE general trade of the port of New York for the week ending on Sat-
urday was fairly active. The foreign imports were \$5,143,629, of which
\$1,904,024 was dry goods; the aggregate import entries for the calendar
year to date are \$197,400,000, being a decrease from last year of \$11,900,000.
Our exports of produce and merchandise continue light; for the eleven
months ending 30th November they are \$46,000,000 behind those of the
corresponding period of last year. The export of specie continues nominal.
Our receipts of cotton continue large, say 22,000 bales a week, and the price
has given way about two cents per pound; but the stock is firmly held,
owing to the confidence of speculators for the rise, and the ease with which
money can be borrowed on cotton. Nothing definite has yet been received
from the South with regard to the prospects of the crop of 1866; the ex-
rebels predict that the negroes will not work, and that there will be no crop
whatever, while the agents of the Freedmen's Bureau are hopeful of a yield
at least as large as that of 1864 or 1865. From the West our receipts of
breadstuffs have been increasing of late, but the falling-off from last year
is too heavy to be overcome at this late period of the season. The falling-
off was, on November 23, in flour, 286,000 barrels, 5,630,000 bushels wheat,
1,200,000 bushels oats, etc., etc.; while the receipts of corn at tide-water were
7,200,000 bushels in excess of those of the same period of last year, but
4,100,000 bushels behind those of 1863. As the wheat crop of 1865 was much
larger than that of 1864, it may be inferred that large stocks are held back
at the West in the hands of farmers and speculators. In the event of the
adoption of vigorous measures of currency contraction, a panic in bread-
stuffs would thus be imminent at the food centres of the West. In general
merchandise there is nothing worth particular mention, except the great

advance in copper, occasioned by the war in Chili. The article has advanced £22 a ton in England, and sales were made here last week at 46 cents per lb. Should the war last, the consequences upon our Lake Superior interests would be very important. Chili is the largest producer of copper in the world; should the Spanish blockade of her ports be maintained for a few months, the development of our mines on Lake Superior—which has been arrested by the want of capital—will, probably, be prosecuted with vigor, and a large number of mines which are now half developed, and in the hands of companies that have expended all their means, will be placed on a paying basis. The expenditure of a few million dollars on Lake Superior would, probably, double the copper product of the United States, and, at anything like present prices, the outlay would be returned within three years.

The following table will show the course of prices in the stock, exchange, gold, and money markets during the week:

	Nov. 25.	Dec. 2.	Advance.	Decline.
United States Sixes of 1881.....	105½	106½	½
5-20 Bonds, old.....	101½	101½	½
5-20 Bonds of 1865.....	99½	99½	½
10-40 Bonds.....	91	90½	½
7-30 Notes, second series.....	97½	96½	1½
New York Central.....	97½	97½	½
Erie Railway.....	93½	92	1½
Hudson River.....	110	108½	1½
Reading Railroad.....	116½	115½	½
Michigan Southern.....	76½	75½	½
Cleveland and Pittsburg.....	92½	92½	½
Chicago and North-Western.....	36½	36	½
" " " Preferred.....	65½	64½	1
Chicago and Rock Island.....	109½	107	2½
P., Fort Wayne and Chicago.....	105½	105½	½
Canton.....	45	46	1
Cumberland.....	44½	43½	1
Mariposa.....	14	16	2
American Gold.....	147	148½	1½
Bankers' Bills on London.....	109	109
Call Loans.....	7	7

As a general rule, the movement of prices has been downward, in view of the expected report of the Secretary of the Treasury in favor of contraction. Comment on the subject would be out of place, as the report itself will be in the hands of the people about as soon as these lines are read. It must suffice at present to note the facts. Government securities have declined, with the exception of the Sixes of 1881, of which the supply in market is small and inadequate to meet any unexpected demand. Five-Twenties and Ten-Forties are $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ lower; the foreign demand for these securities has ceased; they might be imported from Europe to pay a profit to the importers. Seven-Thirties, second series, are again down to 96½, at which figure the subscribers net a loss of over 3 per cent. The market is supplied with these securities by National Banks, which took them on speculation, or advanced the money to subscribers, and which are now anxious to realize, for fear of currency contraction. It is feared by many that before these securities find a final resting place they may decline to still lower figures. Parties who may be advised to sacrifice them should remember that the faith of the Government is pledged to their redemption at par in currency within three years from their date. The option of converting them into long bonds rests with the holder, not with Government.

The railway and miscellaneous shares are generally lower than they were a week ago. The exceptions are Mariposa, which is 2 per cent. higher, on the judgment discharging the receiver and handing over the property to the trustees; Canton, which is being gradually absorbed by parties in the management and their friends, on the theory that the company is at length going to prove profitable; and Cleveland and Pittsburg, which is manipulated by a clique, and is pushed up and let down alternately to suit their necessities. The books close next week, and after the closing no further conversions of bonds can take place till they re-open. During the closing it is surmised that an attempt may be made to "corner the shorts." A dividend of 4 per cent. was declared at Cleveland on the 30th of November, payable 10th January; it is just a year since the last dividend—5 per cent.—was paid out of money borrowed for the purpose by the new direction. It is estimated that the party which, under the auspices of the American National Bank of this city, obtained control of the Cleveland and Pittsburg Road in December, 1864, paid a million dollars in money for the luxury. The new election takes place this month. The heaviest decline during the week was in Rock Island and Hudson River. These stocks are understood to have been largely held by a prominent firm which enjoys intimate relations with a member of Congress, and the heavy fall is ascribed to sales by this firm, predicated on early intelligence of the extremely conservative tenor of the report of the Secretary of the Treasury. Erie sold as high as 93½. It

closed on Saturday 1½ per cent. lower. It is still selling 3 or 4 per cent. higher here than in London, and the bears look for large receipts of the stock from abroad. Such expectations have seldom been realized. So long as foreign holders receive their interest and dividends regularly from this side, they are seldom influenced by the fluctuations of our markets. The receipts of all the railways continue large, and the prospect is that very few of them will be able to carry the freight which will be offered them this winter. The four trunk lines are sure of more business than they can do with their present equipment and single track.

Money was easy throughout the week at 7 per cent. on miscellaneous collaterals, with occasional exceptions at 6 on governments or choice railways. The Sub-Treasury began to pay off the "tadpole" notes on the 1st inst., and its disbursements were large on Friday and Saturday, which added considerably to the supply of money on the Street. Still, the balance is higher than it was a week ago; it amounted on Saturday evening to the extraordinary sum of \$77,259,000; more than half of which is gold, and about \$7,000,000 "tadpole" notes to be cancelled. The banks are gaining currency from the South and West, and will for the present continue to show an increase of legal-tender strength. The national bank currency now amounts to about \$225,000,000, and it is understood that a further issue of \$100,000,000, swelling the aggregate authority to \$400,000,000, will be authorized by Congress.

Gold advanced at one time last week to 148½, and closed yesterday at about 148½, 1½ per cent. higher than on Nov. 25. The advance was exclusively due to political rumors with regard to the relations between this country and France. Exchange did not participate in the advance, thus showing that it was independent of mercantile influences. There is but little speculation in gold at this time; the Gold Room is one of the quietest and coziest places in the city. But it may be noted that no considerable body of operators are willing to sell gold for the fall at any material reduction from the cash price. Six months ago, scores of individuals were willing to give two points for a sixty or even a thirty days' option in gold, so general was the belief that, with the final restoration of peace, the premium on specie would become merely nominal. Now it is impossible to buy gold on sellers' option at any material concession from the current market rate. It is generally understood in the Gold Room that the Secretary of the Treasury is going to recommend to Congress the reduction of the legal-tender currency by at least one hundred millions during the ensuing year, but the understanding does not tempt even the most inveterate bear to sell gold for the fall.

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NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED for General Accident Policies.

HOFFMAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office, 161 Broadway, New York.

Cash Capital, - - - - -	\$200,000
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JOSEPH W. WILDEY, Secretary.

WILLIAM B. DIXON, President.

THE

MORRIS FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE COMPANY

COLUMBIAN BUILDING, 1 NASSAU STREET.

JUNE 1, 1865.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$5,000,000.

CASH CAPITAL, PAID IN, AND SURPLUS, \$885,040 57.

POLICIES OF INSURANCE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE

Issued on the most Favorable Terms.

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FIRST CLASS FIRE INSURANCE
ON THE PARTICIPATION PLAN.
MARKET FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
87 WALL STREET, CORNER OF JAUNCEY COURT.

CONDITION OF THE COMPANY.

ABSTRACT OF THE ANNUAL REPORT OF DEC. 31, 1864.

TOTAL ASSETS		\$414,729 19
Viz.—Bonds and Mortgages	- - - - -	\$134,672 00
Temporary Loans	- - - - -	92,630 00
Real Estate	- - - - -	10,000 00
100 Shares Mer. Ex. Bank	- - - - -	5,000 00
Government Sec., value	- - - - -	144,514 00
Cash on hand	- - - - -	18,042 34
Interest due	- - - - -	3,085 58
Premiums due	- - - - -	6,785 26
PRESENT LIABILITIES	- - - - -	\$15,565 92
NET SURPLUS	- - - - -	198,731 26

This Company will continue, as heretofore, to insure respectable parties against

DISASTER BY FIRE
At fair and remunerating rates; extending, according to the terms on its Policies, the advantage of the

PARTICIPATION PLAN OF THE COMPANY,
pursued by it for several years past, with such great success and popularity, and profit to its customers: whereby

(75) SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT. (75)
of the Profits, instead of being withdrawn from the Company in Dividends to Stockholders, is invested as a "SCRIP FUND," and held for greater protection of its Policyholders; and Scrip, bearing interest, is issued to Customers therefor: thus, IN THIS COMPANY, those who furnish the business, AND PAY THE PREMIUMS, derive the largest share of advantages; and when the accumulations of the SCRIP FUND shall exceed

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS,
the excess will be applied to PAY OFF the Scrip IN CASH in the order of its issue.
The liberal and prompt adjustment of Claims for Loss, WHEN FAIR AND SQUARE, is a specialty with this Company.

NOTE.—This Company does not insure on the hazards of RIVER, LAKE, or INLAND NAVIGATION; confining itself strictly to a legitimate FIRE INSURANCE BUSINESS.

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CHICAGO

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FOURTH NATIONAL BANK,

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SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1865, - - - - - 275,253

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

CHARTERED 1850.

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JONATHAN D. STEELE, President.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

OFFICES, 1 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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CASH CAPITAL - - - - - \$1,000,000 00
ASSETS - - - - - 1,500,000 00

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the day is marred.

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ifications for it.

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with care, is pursuing a journey through the South. His letters
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AWARDS TO MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—A Gold Medal was awarded, at the late Fair of the American Institute, to CARHART, NEEDHAM & CO., for the best Reed Instrument on exhibition—a most just testimonial.

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"I have found them to be the finest Instruments of the class I ever saw."

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Wm. A. KING.

"The tone is incomparable, and they are far in advance of any other instrument of a similar kind."

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THE PARLOR ORGAN,

with the recent improvements of Mr. J. Carhart, is, without exception, far superior in QUALITY, POWER, SWEETNESS, VARIETY AND EXPRESSION OF TONE. DURABILITY OF CONSTRUCTION, ELEGANCE OF CASE—POSSESSING IMPROVEMENTS APPLIED BY US ONLY.

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A full assortment of these Instruments, which have been well known in the New York market for more than thirty years, constantly on hand. We are continually adding improvements to our Pianos, and our facilities enable us to furnish them at terms and prices satisfactory to purchasers. Pictorial circulars sent by mail.

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Grand, Square, and Upright PIANOS, MELODEONS, HARMONIUMS, and CABINET ORGANS. Wholesale and retail, at reduced prices. To let, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same. Second-hand Pianos at bargain, prices \$60, \$75, \$100, \$125, \$150, \$175, \$200, and \$225. Factory and Warerooms, 451 Broadway. Cash paid for second-hand Pianos.

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WERE AWARDED THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS
At the State Fairs of

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Pennsylvania,	Iowa,	Alabama,
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The GROVER & BAKER ELASTIC-STITCH SEWING MACHINE is superior to all others, for the following reasons:

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The **FIRST SILVER MEDAL**

For the **BEST UPRIGHT PIANOS.**

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WEHLI.

"I believe that, in every particular, your Pianos are superior to any I have ever seen in this country or in Europe."

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"For volume and fine quality of tone, with nicety of articulation, the Chickering Pianos are unequalled."

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Departures of 1st and 21st connect at Panama with steamers for SOUTH PACIFIC PORTS. Those of 1st touch at MANZANILLO.

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These Pianos stand unrivalled in regard to their singing quality; volume and purity of tone; sympathetic elastic, and even touch; and durability of construction, which enables them to remain in tune much longer than ordinary Pianos.

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